BOMBAY COURIER.

Published every Saturday and Tuesday Morning.

VOL. XLI. NUMBER 2062.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1831. [PRICE RS. 13 PER QUARTER.

DANIEL PALMER'S ESTATE.

WHEREAS DANIEL PALMER, late of Park Row, Greenwich, Kent, in England, Gentleman, died on the 4th July 1828, and has by his will bequeathed a Certain Legacy to his Natural son JOHN JAMES PALMER, who was formerly in the service of Captain MC. INTOSH of the Madras Establishment, Notice is hereby giver, that unless he lay Claim to the said Legacy within the space of 4 years from the Testator's decease, personally or by letter to the Executors RICHARD SLAUGHTER, East Street, Greenwich, EDWARD SUTER, 19 Cheapside, London, and ARTHUR WALLER, Maize hill, Greenwhich, the said Legacy will become void and be disposed of immediately afterwards, as the will of the Testator directs.

Signed A. WALLER.

[196] *Bombay 6th August*, 1831.

ON Wednesday next 10th Instant. FRITH BOMANJEE AND CO. will expose for sale, by public auction, at their Rooms, the undermentioned Goods imported by the late arrivals, the whole are of the latest fashions, and deserving attention, viz,

A very rich six light Lustre, 2 double light elegant Brass Lustres, 2 ditto elegant Argand Pedestal Lamps, Splendid Dessert Services of rich cut Glass, Handsome Plated Pedestal Shades, Argand Hanging Lamps, Chamber Candlesticks, Plated, Brass, and Bronze Night Lamps, Vase Lamps of sizes, complete, Tumblers, Wine Glasses, Claret Glasses, Liquors, Champaigns &c. &c. &c. to match, rich cut Decanters, Salt Cellers, Cruet Frames, Liquor Frames, Vases, Muffineers, Patent Ink Stands, Oil Burners, large sized Bengal Claret Glasses, and numerous other articles, the whole may be viewed a day preceeding the sale.

[220] *Nesbit Lane, 6th Augt.*, 1831.

FRITH BOMANJEE AND CO.—Have just received and Watches as under, viz.

Table Clocks by Jas. Murray Royal Exchange, Gentlemens Gold Hunting Watches by Newton, Engine turned and plain cases, hand dials Patent Levre, Cap't. and Jewelled in 4 Holes.

Gentlemens silver Hunting Watches of the same construction. All the above are for sale at moderate prices. [205]

FOR SALE.---At the Godowns of FRITH BOMANJEE and Co. the following Wines imported by Carbonell and Son,

1st Growth English Claret at per Doz.	45 Rs.
2d do do do..	30 do
Fine rich bodied mellow Port do	24 do
Superior old Sherry	26 do

These Wines have been approved of by competent judges, and are strongly recommended. They have also for sale.

Some very Superior old Lisbon in Pipes and quarter Casks, at moderate prices.

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FOR SALE BY AUCTION.--On Tuesday next 9th Instant, BECK AND CO., will put up by public Outcry and sell chiefly without limit the following Miscellaneous collection of Goods viz. A small Invoice of Pine and Berkley Cheeses more or less damaged, superfine and coarse Woolens, 50 Reams of English and French Foolscap Paper, 50,000 Office Quills, several Gross of black lead Pencils, 30 dozen Cannisters of Sporting Gunpowder, 12 dozen of Iron Dog Chains, a large Antique Clock, Blue Cloth and Oil Skin Foraging Caps, the remains (20 dozen) of an Invoice of Lascars Caps, Sundry Piece Goods, Plated and Glass Ware in great variety, Wines, Beer and Liquors of sorts, various Household Furniture and at 1 P. M. a few serviceable Saddle and Draught Horses.

Forbes Street, 6th August, 1831.

[209]

DETONATING FOWLING PIECES. BECK AND CO,---Will Sell by public Auction on Tuesday 9th instant, between 11 and 12 o'clock in the forenoon, one capital Double, and two Single Barrelled Percussion Guns by the celebrated Wheeler and Sons on a new, peculiar, and much approved principle, highly deserving the notice of Sportsmen.

[210] *Forbes Street, 6th August*, 1831.

To the Lovers of the good things of this world, whose pockets keep pace with their inclinations,

BECK AND CO, Beg strongly to recommend a small batch of prime Bengal HUMPS and BRISKETS, and well cured BACON, just received by a late arrival, in the finest possible order from one of the most respectable Provisioners in Calcutta, and selling either single or in Kegs.

[208] *Forbes Street, Aug. 6th* 1831.

"A WORD TO THE WISE."

BECK AND CO.,—Take the liberty of intimating to all persons whom it may concern, that all uncleared lots up to 31st ult. if remaining on their premises another week from the date hereof, will positively be resold on account, and risk of the first purchasers, who will be required to make good any loss, and forfeit any benefit that may arise from such resale, agreeable to the conditions of their public sale Room.

To those who have liberally patronized their Establishment for the past commercial year, BECK AND CO. take this opportunity of offering their grateful thanks with an assurance that no endeavours shall be wanting on their part to ensure a continuance of such flattering support.

[204] *Forbes Street, 6th Aug.* 1831.

ELEGANT Cockery and Glass Ware. BECK and Co, Have just received for sale on Commission a Superb Blue and gold Dinner Service and a large assortment of cut Glass Ware equally handsome. Both highly meriting the attention of Messes, and to be sold for prime cost and charges.

[224.] *Forbes Street, 6th Aug.* 1831.

FORSALE.—A FEW Casks of Ind and Smith's BEER, just received, at Rupees 110 per Cask.

ALSO

Some in bottle, drawn off in February last (not less than 6 dozen) at Rs. 8 per dozen. The above, which is reckoned in Bengal and Madras, as good as Hodgson's and warranted to keep longer in bottle than any other Beer ever sent to India, may be had on application at the Godowns of Messrs J. GILDER and CO.

Bombay, 6th August, 1831. [199]

PATTERN PLATES.

MESSRS. J. COCKBURN AND CO. beg to acquaint their friends and the public, that they have consigned to their agents, Messrs. J. GILDER AND CO, Plates of a great variety, both of plain and ornamental patterns, for setts of which, they will be happy to receive Commissions.

LONDON, 1ST JAN'Y, 1831.

The above may be seen at the Warehouses of Messrs. J. G. and Co. who will receive and forward, all Commissions for the same.

Bombay, Military Square, 6th Augt. 1831.

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ON SALE AT THE GODOWNS OF MESSRS. REMINGTON AND CO.

THE following Wines of Superior quality from Messrs. TODD, and BOSANQUET.

Claret 2d Growth.....	Rs. 30 per doz.
Pale Sherry.....	26 per do.
Bucellas.....	20 per do.
Port Wine in quarts....	20 per do.
Do. do. in pints	12 per do.

R. & Co. will register orders for the above Wines to be supplied, whenever the stock may be expended from the first shipments they may receive, and will forward to TODD and BOSANQUET orders for annual supplies of the above and other Wines for individuals and Regimental Messes. The shipping prices of all T. and B's. Wines may be known on application to R. and Co. who will receive payment on the arrival of the orders in Bombay.

[212]

NOTICE. The interest and responsibility of the late Mr. Henry Petrie Saunders in our establishment ceased yesterday: and Mr. James Wright has this day been admitted a partner in our firm.

[194] *Bombay 1st August*, 1831.

TO be Let.---The well known Residence, called Byculiah House, lately occupied by Doctor's Jeaffreson and Dalgairns which is in good repair.

For particulars enquire of JAGUNNATHJEE SUNKERSETT.

[224] *Bombay, 6th August*, 1831.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THAT MEAH EBRAHIM SAHEB BIN GULLAM MOHEEDEEN DAVJEE, has this day contracted with a Parsee to dispose of a certain Chawl or Range of five appartments, together with its Vacant Ground and apparatus, situated without the Fort Walls of Bombay in Coomarvarah or Cross street, bounded as follows; on the East by a public road, on West by the Chawl of GOOLAM MOHEEDEEN Nalkhunday, on the North by the Vacant Ground of DORABJEE BHIMJEE, and on the South by the public road. Any person or persons having any claims or demands on the same, either by way of sale, mortgage, or inheritable right he, she, or they, are to make known the same within fourteen days from the date hereof by a special Notice to PESTONJEE MANOCKJEE, Colah at the Office of E. C. MORGAN Esq. otherwise he, she, or they will be precluded therefrom.—Dated 6th August 1831.

[207]

اشتہار

میان ابراہیم صاحب بن غلام محی الدین
واوجی بہ یک پارسی قرار نمودہ
برای فروختن یک چال کہ آزا
پنج کالہ اندومع اسباب و زمین خالی
و چال مذکور بیرون قلعہ در کومبھاروارا
یاور محلہ کراس واقع است وبطرف
مشرق آن شارع عام و بطرف
مغرب ان چال غلام محی الدین
[illegible] ہاکدی و بطرف شمال آن
زمین خالی ملک ضاراب جی بیہرم جی
و بطرف جنوب آن شارع عام
است و بران چال مزبور ہر کسی کہ
دعوی قرض یا وثیقہ بارہن یا فروخت
داشتہ باشند بان ہا معلوم باد کہ از
امروز تا دو مدت چہار دہ روز زور
آفیس ئی سی مارگن اسکوایر فنزو یک
پیستن جی مانک جی کولا اسپیسیال نوتس
بغریسد و بعد مدت دعوائی کسی
قبول نخواہد شد ۶ آگشت ۱۸۳۱

TO BE LET.---That commodious and airy House next to General Boyé's Bungalow, on Colabah, and lately occupied by the late Thos. Wm. Brown Esq. deceased, together with the Stables, Coach House, and other out offices; and also three small Houses next to the Gun Carriage Manufactory. For further particulars apply to BOMANJEE BAZONJEE, in the Church Gate Street.

[214] *Bombay, 6th Augt.*, 1831.

FOR Sale at the Godown of Messrs. FORBES & Co. Fine London Particular Madeira Wine from Messrs. R. SYMONDS & Co. at Rs. 400 per Pipe, and Rs. 200 per Hh'd.

Ditto London Market ditto, at Rs. 300 per Pipe.

Ditto Sherry from W. PHELPS & Co. at Rs. 450 per Butt, and Rs. 225 per Hh'd., imported in April 1830, per Boyne

[213] *Bombay, 6th Augt.*, 1831.

NOTICE.—All persons having claims upon the Estate of the late WILLIAM KENNEDY, Esq. of Bombay, are requested to prefer them to Messrs. REMINGTON & CO. on or before the 1st September next, after which date, no demands will be attended to in this Country.

[215] *Bombay, 6th Augt.*, 1831.

BOOKS for sale on Commission at Messrs. NUSSERWANJEE AND RUTTONJEE opposite to Messrs. WOOLER AND CO for Cash.---Landovoe or the Free mason in 3 Vols. 10 Rupees. Richmond on the life of a Bow Street Officer 3 Vols. 10 Rs. Stralton Hill 3 Vols. 10 Rs. The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys by Lady Morgan 4 Vols. 12 Rs. the Disowned 3 Vols. 12 Rs. Busy Bodies 3 Vols. 8 Rs. Patronage 4 Vols. 12 Rs. Devereoux by the author of "Pelham" 3 Vols. 12 Rs. The Hearts of Steel 3 Vols. 10 Rs. The Cabonuro 3 Vols. 6 Rs. Edward Neville 4 Vols. 12 Rs. The Pae Wife 3 Vols. 7 Rs. Stanleys tale 6 Vols. 10 Rs. Cyril Thornton 3 Vol. 12 Rs. High life a novel 3 Vols. 10 Rs. Vicissitudes of a Scottish Soldier 1 Vol. 3 Rs. Tales of the Muster Festivals 3 Vols. 10 Rs. German Romance 4 Vols. 12 Rs. Ranulph De Rohais 3 Vols. 10. Rs. The English in France 3 Vols. 10 Rs. Hyde Nugent 3 Vols. 10 Rs. Hamels, the Obeah Man 2 Vols. 7 Rs. Memoirs ofs Mary Queen of Scots 2 Vols. 10 Rs. Bengeer Memoir of Anne Boleyn 1 Vol. 10 Rs Hone on Mysteries and religions 1 Vol. 3 Rs. Perennial Calender 1 Vol. 8 Rs. Memoirs of the Empress Josephine 1 Vol. 4 Rs. Campbells Poetical works 2 Vols. 12 Rs. Tales of a Traveller 2 Vols. 10 Rs. Derwent Water 2 Vols. 6 Rs.

N. B. Orders from outstations for any of the above books accompanied by a remittance shall be promptly attended to, or otherwise will remain unexecuted; also a Shigram with a pair of Horses and a set of Harness complete with spare wheels, Price Rs. 1250,

[200] *Bombay, 6th August*, 1831.

FOR Sale at Messrs. LUGRIN SON and Co. A Consignment of the following wines of Superior quality from a highly respectable House in London, selected by Mr. T. LUGRIN especially for this market

Pale Sherry in Butts at Rupees.	650
Ditto in Hogsheads at....	350
Port wine in 6 Dozen cases at	20 per doz.
do. do. in 3 ditto ditto ...	doz.

[195] *Bombay 4th August* 1831.

NOTE. MR MONEY requests that all Letters in future may be simply addressed to him at Bombay, and not as formerly, to the care of Messrs. FORBES and Co.

[197] *Bombay, 5th August*, 1831.

FOR SALE 2 Butts and 3 Hhds., of Superior SHERRY from A. Black, London, samples may be had on applying to Messrs. DIROM CARTER AND CO. This Wine was, imported per Ship ELIZABETH and JANE, from London.

[203] *Fort, August 6th*, 1831.

NOTICE.—MR. CHARLES BINNY ADAM has this day been admitted a Partner in our establishment.

ADAM SKINNER & CO.

Bombay, 1st August, 1831. [222]

JUST Published No. XIII of the ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE, *Consisting of*—1st Race—course Distances.—2nd Letter from old Gooseberry.—3d Song - Ride Sportsmen Ride.—4th Nosing Tom's last but one—5th Extract from Recollections of Life in the Deccan.—6th Song—the midnight Boar.—7th Bottom better than Speed---8th Falconry.---9th Neemuch Fly Fishing.---10th An account of a Favourite Greyhound---11th Song---Meet me when day Light may Dawn.—12th. The Candeish Clubs. 13th Propositions for a Sporting Club.—14th Travelling in Guzerat.—15th Harlequin and Honesty.—16th Hog Hunting in Guzerat.—17th Kangaroo Hunting.---18th A Trip through Kattywar.---19th Pongoes at the Presidency.---20th Song for the Club of Harmonies.---21st A word to Witness. 22d Tiger Hunting—23d Song---the Hunting of the Boar---24th Letter from Khandeish.---25th Lion Hunting in Khandeish.---26th Oh Rest thee my Hunter---27th. On Thorns.---28th John Dockery Redivius.---29th A Slap at S. Y. S. 30th Sporting in Kattywar.---SELECTIONS. 31st Fight between Deaf Burke and Birmingham *alias* Welsh Davis.---32d Gallant Fight.---Atkinson and Parkes. 33d. The Drake Hunt Steeple Chase.—34th Kangaroo Hunting.---35th Hunting.---36th Foriken.

FOR SALE. A few Copies of the English Sporting Magazine, from Nov. 1830 to April 1831. For particnlars apply to SHREECRUSTNA JAGONNATHJEE, at the Courier, [223]

TO BE LET.—The Upper Roomed House, in the Fort, attached to the General Paymaster's Office, to be entered in immediately. For further particulars,

Apply to DADABHOY PESTONJEE in the fort.

[216] *Bombay, 6th Augt.*, 1831.

FOR SALE.—At the Courier Office,

The Bombay Calendar for 1831,	£ 0 0
Indian ditto,.....	2 2 0
Blank Powers of Attorney,.....	0 2 0
Ditto Interest Bonds,.....	0 2 0
Do. Policies,.....	1 0 0
Do. Bills of Lading, per set,.....	0 2 0
Do. Respondentia Bonds,.....	0 2 0
Do. Bills of Exchange, per set,....	0 2 0
Plans of the Island,.....	1 0 0
Traveller's Itinerary,.....	5 0 0
Insolvent Debtors' Act,.....	3 0 0

LETTER-PRESS PRINTING, neatly executed on moderate terms. [217]

Passage to London.

The ELIZABETH and JANE, 450 Tons, HENRY RICHMOND, R N. Commander, will sail early in September, and has superior accommodations for passengers. Apply to Captain RICHr MOND, at the Office of Messrs DIROM-CARTER & Co.

[218] *Bombay, 6th Augt.*, 1831.

For Freight or Passage to London.

The new River built Ship LORD AMHERST Burthen 600 tons, JOHN HICKS, R. N. Commander, was to leave England in all April, and may be expected early in this month will have quick dispatch; carries a Surgeon, and is expressly fitted up for Passengers. Plans of her accommodations may be seen on applying at the Office of Messrs. DIROM, CARTER and Co.

[219] *Bombay, 6th Augt.* 1831.

For Freight or Passage to London.

THE Ship EARL OF ELDON, of 600 Tons, EDWARD THEAKER Commander, will positively sail on the 7th Instant. This Ship has a poop with excellent accommodations for passengers, and carries a Surgeon. Apply to Captain THEAKER, or to MESSRS. RITCHIE, FINLAY AND CO.

[221] *Bombay, 6th Augt.*, 1831.

For Freight or Passage to London.

THE new River built Ship LORD AMHERST, Burthen 600 Tons, JOHN HICKS, R. N. Commander, was to leave England in all April, and expected early in all this month; will have quick dispatch, carries a Surgeon, and is expressly fitted up for Passengers. Plans of her accommodations may be seen on applying at the Office of Messrs. DIROM. CARTER and Co.

[201.] *Fort, August 6th*, 1831.

For Freight or Passage to Ceylon, Madras, or Calcutta.

THE CAVENDISH BENTINCK, R. A. HUMPHREYS, to sail early in September—Apply to the Commander on board, or at the Office of Messrs. DIROM, CARTER AND CO.

[202] *Fort, August 6th*, 1831.

GENERAL ORDERS.

By the Right Hon'ble the Governor in Council.

Bombay Castle, 25th July, 1831.

No. 300 of 1831.---Surgeon J. McFadan is permitted to proceed to the Deccan for the benefit of his health.

No. 301 of 1831.--The Furlough granted to Lieutenant G. Clarkson 12th Regiment Native Infantry under date the 26th January last, on his private affairs is cancelled from the 10th Ultimo, from which date he is allowed to remain at Agra, on Sick Certificate, until the 1st of October, next.

Bombay Castle, 26th July, 1831.

No. 302 of 1831.---The following promotion is made.

15th Regiment N. I.

Ensign H. Cotgrave to be Lieutenant vice Montgomery deceased.---Date of Rank, 7th July 1831.

Supernumerary Ensign W. Robertson to be admitted on the effective Strength from the 7th July 1831, vice Cotgrave promoted.

Supernumerary Ensign W. Orrok of the 16th Regiment Native Infantry to be admitted on the effective Strength from the 11th July 1831. vice Browne deceased.

No. 303 of 1831.---A Division order dated the 11th November last, placing Captain Gibson in Charge of the Ordnance Stores in the Dooab, is confirmed.

Bombay Castle, 27th July, 1831.

No. 304 of 1831.---The Right Hon'ble the Governor in Council is pleased to direct that the following extract paragraph 3d of a letter from the Hon'ble the Court of Directors dated the 2d March last. (No. 13 of 1831.) be published in General orders.

Para: 3d.---Captain W. O. Tate of your Establishment, has been allowed to remain in this Country for the further period of Six Months.

Bombay Castle, 29th July, 1831.

No. 305 of 1831—Ensign H. S. Gunter of the Invalid Establishment is permitted to proceed to Europe for the the recovery of his health, for a period of three years from the date of his embarkation.

No. 306 of 1831.—Mr. William Stephen Jacob is admitted to the Service, in conformity with his appointment by the Hon'ble the Court of Directors, as a Cadet of Engineers on this Establishment, and promoted to 2d Lieutenant, leaving the date of his Commission for future adjustment. Date of arrival at Bombay 20th July 1831.

Lieutenant C. A. Stewart of the 16th Regiment N. I. has returned to his duty, without prejudice to his rank by permission of the Hon'ble the Court of Directors. Date of arrival at Bombay 20th July 1831.

No. 307 of 1831.—Authentic information has been received that Lieutenant Colonel I. S. R. Drummond of the Engineers died in England on the 12th of March last. Agreeably to article 51. Section LVII of the Supplement to the Military Code, this Casualty is considered to have occurred on the 9th April 1830, the date on which a period of two years had elapsed from the arrival of that officer in England, the following alterations and promotions are made accordingly.

CORPS OF ENGINEERS.

Promotion.

Senior Major T. Dickinson to to Lieutenant Colonel vice Drummond deceased.—Date of Rank 10th April 1830.

Adjustment of Rank.

Major I. Nutt, and Captain F. McGillivray, to take rank in Succession to Dickinson promoted.—10th April 1830.

Lieutenant I. Vincent, to take Rank from the date of his arrival at Bombay, vice McGillivray promoted. —5th June 1830.

Promotions.

Senior Captain R. Gordon to be Major. Lieutenant C. W. Grant to be Captain, and 2d Lieutenant I. Estridge to be 1st. Lieutenent in succession to Hawkins deceased.—20th Feb. 1830.

Bombay Castle, 29th July 1831.

No. 308 of 1831.---A Division order issued by Colonel Sullivan on the 18th instant, appointing Captain Slight of the Engineers, to act as Inspecting Engineer to the Poona Division, from the date of Captain Jervis's departure on Sick Certificate, as a temporary arrangement, is confirmed.

No. 309 of 1831.—Lieutenant C. S. Geddes, of the 24th Regiment Native Infantry, being declared incapable of performing the active duties of his profession is, at his own request, transferred to the Invalid Establishment.

By Order of the Right Hon'ble the Governor in Council,
C. NORRIS,
Chief Secretary.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Bombay Courier.

SIR,

Observing it is customary in Bengal to publish the Annual Reliefs of Regiments in Gen. Orders several months previous to their marching, I can see no good reason why we of Bombay should not meet with equal consideration on such occasions from our Government, and have the same opportunities granted, of disposing of our Dwelling Houses, and of making other necessary arrangements.

The many elegant (and now uninhabited) Bungalows at Kaira, Bhooj and other camps, daily falling into ruins bear witness that hitherto we have been severe sufferers by unexpected removals, and may consequently be supposed to desire the introduction of the Bengal system as facilitating that, which to every Sub is a matter of importance, viz. the Sale or exchange of his Dwelling. Trusting these few remarks may catch the eyes of some of our good friends in Office, I am induced to request the favour of their insertion in your Paper.

Your Obedient
and humble Servant,
A SUBALTERN.

Guzerat, July 23d, 1831.

MARATHA DICTIONARY.

To the Editor of the Bombay Courier.

SIR,

In the last No. of the Oriental Christian Spectator is contained an Article, written in a strangely self-sufficient and consequential manner, in which this opinion is given of the Maratha Dictionary lately published. "We not only express our highest approbation, but our highest admiration, of the work." Who this WE may be I know not, but the Article referred to sufficiently shews that no value ought to be attached to WE's approbation and admiration. As, also, Dr. Johnson has remarked that "every other author may aspire to praise: the Lexicographer can only hope to escape reproach, and even this negative recompense has been granted to very few;" it cannot be supposed that this dictionary possesses a perfection which has been hitherto unknown in the works of even the ablest lexicographers. But the writer in the O. C. S. hesitates not to assert that "in regard to copiousness of collection, fullness and accuracy of rendering, and propriety of illustration, it will stand an honorable and ADVANTAGEOUS comparison with the most approved compilations connected with any language." That is, with the stupendous labors of a Stephanus, a Gesner, a Facciolati, or a Meninski. The absurdity, however, of such praise as this must be too obvious to require remark, and I think the compiler himself must be ashamed to find himself lauded in a manner so thoroughly ridiculous.

At the same time what this writer considers to be the great excellence of this dictionary—*its copiousness* is precisely its principal defect. For this fullness has been effected by the totally unnecessary insertion of

1st. Numerous Sanscrit words simple and compound, or rather words supposed to be sanscrit, for the compiler seems to be unacquainted with that language; and these words have, in consequence, generally assumed a form in which they are scarcely recognizable.

2d. Numerous Hindi, Persian, and Arabic words which most certainly are not current among the Marathas.

3d. Numerous pretended compound words, though there is scarcely a compound term* in Maratha; but, admitting them to be such, as the two words thus joined together retain their original meaning it was altogether unnecessary to insert them in the Dictionary in a variety of different places.

4th. Numerous imitative and reduplicated words, which were never before supposed to constitute part of any language; as they may be formed at pleasure and depend for their signification on the manner in which they are used.

5th. Many "obscene and filthy" terms, for the admission of which the compiler apologizes in the preface.

6th. Words formed by the compiler himself.

7th. Numerous grammatical formations of words, the insertion of which was superfluous as they must be immediately understood by every one in the least acquainted with Maratha grammar.

It will be hence apparent that this work has little pretensions to the name of a Maratha dictionary; for I will venture to affirm that not one-fourth part of the words contained in it is in *current use* among the Marathas The compilation of it, therefore, has been conducted on an improper plan, and thus the size of the work has been most unnecessarily enlarged, as the superfluous matter does not in the slightest degree contribute to its practical utility.

With regard to "the accuracy and fullness of the explanations, the delicate observation of the different meanings of which a word is susceptible according to its connections and the circumstances in which it is used, the arrangement of the different senses &c," which the writer in the O. C. S. has discovered in this dictionary his notions with respect to such points must differ *toto cælo* from mine. For such diffuse, vague, and inaccurate explanations and illustrations, often expressed in low and vulgar language, I never before met with in any dictionary; and I much suspect that the compiler, while acquiring an intimate conversancy with Maratha, has thought it unnecessary to improve his mind by the cultivation of English literature. The preface to this work is, also, alone sufficient to shew how little attention he must have paid to the study of general grammar and philology; and yet without a competent acquaintance with these indispensable requisities it is impossible to understand how a dictionary of any language could be compiled, in which the renderings of the words and the illustrations could be either accurate or precise. To suppose, at the same time that the words used by an agricultural people could ever acquire different significations and various shades of meaning betrays an inconceivable ignorance of the very nature of language. Because it is only when the speech of a nation has been long cultivated that, in consequence of the accumulation of new ideas and the difficulty of inventing words, the old terms are necessarily employed in different senses. But it is admitted that Maratha has always been merely an oral language and that the Marathas never possessed any literature consequently they never were in such a situation as would have rendered it requisite to affix new meanings to the words which were in current use amongst them.

But, since the Marathas possess no literature, for what purpose was this voluminous Maratha and English Dictionary compiled? For if there be no Maratha books, it must be evident that it can be of scarcely any use; as no person learning Maratha would think of carrying it about with him in order to look out such words with which he was unacquainted, as he heard spoken. In referring to it, also, the learner must find it impossible to determine what Maratha word was precisely equivalent to an English one; for, should he have the patience to run his eye over the pages, he will immediately observe that the same English signification is in many cases given to eight or ten Maratha words. An inevitable consequence of the numerous explanations which are annexed to most of the words contained in this Dictionary, as it was scarcely possible for the compiler, had he even directed his attention to this point which he does not seem to have done, to have avoided, in this heaping explanation upon explanation, the giving to several Maratha words the same English meaning though most inaccurately. Even that part of this work which would have been of real assistance to the learner has been rendered of no use in consequence of the compiler not having thought proper to translate into English the Maratha popular phrases and idioms which he has inserted in it.

So far, therefore, from my agreeing in this opinion of the writer of the O. C. S. "WE have not the slightest doubt that, by competent and unprejudiced oriental scholars generally,* it will be pronounced an undertaking of the highest merit" that I shall regret extremely were any copies of this Dictionary to find their way into the hands of the oriental scholars of Europe. Because an examination of it would impress them with a most unfavorable opinion of the philological acquirements and abilities of the Gentlemen of this Presidency who may be engaged in the study of oriental literature.

I remain,
Sir,
Your most obedient Servant.
R. S.

1st August, 1831.

* By a compound term I mean one composed of two distinct words belonging to any language, and which either require certain modifications to admit of their being compounded, or which, after the composition, convey a different meaning from that which the two words would by themselves signify. But the joining two words together that retain their usual meaning as a *gold-ring*, an *iron-key* can never form a compound term.

* What can the writer mean by these qualifications, "unprejudiced," "generally." If the Dictionary is so perfect and excellent a work as he describes it, its merits would be so obvious that no oriental scholar would risk his own character by attempting to detract from them or by indulging in unfounded censure of the work.

HIGH WATER TABLE,—AUG. 6TH, 1831.

Saturday	10 9
Sunday	11 15
Monday	11 51
Tuesday	0 02
Wednesday	0 37
Thursday	1 12
Friday	1 52

EXCHANGE.

On London at 6 months' sight 1 | 9
Calcutta 30 days 107½ B'y Rs. per 100 Sicca.
Madras 30 days 102¾ B'y Rs. per 100 Madras.
Remittable Loan 144 B'y Rs. per 100 Sicca.
5 per Cent Loan of 1822 | 23 according to the period of discharge. 107 at 116
Do. of 1825 | 26 } 111 at 112 } Do per Do.
Do. of 1829 | 30 }

ARRIVALS

None.

DEPARTURES.

Major J. G. Griffiths, Ordnance Staff to Deckan,
Capt. L. T. Frederick, to Poonah.
Surg. G. A. Stewart, In staff to Tannah.
Ensign E. Andrews, 7th N. I. to Deckan.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

BIRTHS.

At Deesa, on the 5th June, the lady of Lieut Elder, European Regt. of a Son.

At Bhewndy, on Friday morning the 29th Inst, the lady of Lieutenant Drummond, 11th Regt. N. I. of a Daughter.

At Camp near Deesa, on the 20th Instant the Lady of Lieut. Robert Mignan, Bombay European Regt. of a Son.

In the Fort, on the morning of the 4th Instant, Mrs. Lawless, of a daughter.

DEATHS.

At Sholapoor on the 16th Instant, Eliza Emily, infant Daughter, of C. S. Straker M. D. aged 13 months and a half.

On Thursday the 21st July at Poona, Emily, the wife of Lestoch R. Reid, Esq. of the Civil Service.

At Baroda, on Sunday the 10th July, Ensign J. T. Browne 16th Regt. N. I. aged 19 years.

At Mazagon on the 2d Instant, Ollyett Russel, the Infant Son of Captain Woodhouse, 6th Regiment N. I. aged 15 months.

SHIPPING REPORT.

ARRIVALS.

August 1st. Ship Shahool Hamud, John Morris Master, returned from Sea.

August 5th—The Hon'ble Company's Sloop of War Elphinstone, William Rose, Esq. Commanding, from Bushire 13th and Bassadore 21th July, 1831.

Passengers.—William Flemings, Boatswain, of the H. C. Sloop of War Ternate, who died at Sea, on the 1st of Augt. of the Liver.

Charles William, O. S. of the H. C, Brig of War Tigris.

DEPARTURES.

None

LIST OF SHIPPING IN THE HARBOUR.

FREE TRADERS.—Earl of Eldon, Fortune, Sarah, Sir Francis Burton, Elizabeth and Jane.

COUNTRY SHIPS.—Byramgore, Cadery, Manckborn, Dadaloy, Eliza, Asia Felix, Discovery, Duke of Roxburgh, George Cruttenden, Cavendish Bentinck.

ARAB.—Fazarabany.

HON. COMPANY'S *Receiving Ship*—Hastings.
Do. Do. *Steamer*—Hugh Lindsay.
Do. Do. *Ship*—Hythe, and Herefordshire.
Do. Do. *Schooner*—Royal Tiger.
Do. Do. *Surveying Vessel*—Benares.
Do. Do. *Sloops of War*—Clive, Amherst, and Elphinstone,
H. M. SHIP—Satellite.
PORTUGUESE—Brig Aurelia.
FRENCH—Hebe,
BRAZILIAN—Ampaeze.

THE COURIER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1831.

We see it mentioned in the Hurkaru of the 19th ultimo, that it is reported Lord Clare and Lord Wm. Bentinck, are to meet at Mhow in October or November next; after which, the Governor General is expected in Calcutta.

On Thursday last, the first number of a paper called the "Bombay Government Gazette" was issued from the press lately established by the Government of this Presidency. It is printed in large type upon a sheet of foolscap paper, and is not intended for a general newspaper, but is to be devoted exclusively to the General orders, advertisements, proclamations &c. of Government. The object of changing the system hitherto adopted for publishing those documents, is for the purpose we have been informed, of withdrawing altogether from the connexion with the public Press, which is supposed to exist from the mere insertion of the public notifications of Government.

How far the object is worthy of the heavy expense of a printing establishment, we cannot at present judge, but in other respects, if we may venture to hazard an opinion upon the new publication, we should say, that as far at least as Government advertisements are concerned the principal object, which is that of giving them publicity, would be defeated by confining them to a paper which can only be expected to obtain a forced, and contracted circulation amongst the various departments of Government.

It may be as well to mention that, the General orders, in which a large portion of our readers are interested, will be published as usual in our Saturday's paper.

We have published in to-day's paper, a letter upon the Maratha Dictionary which has just been completed at this Presidency, and we must say, we should have reluctantly given place to criticism so severe as that which it contains, had not something of the kind been naturally called

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forth from the extraordinary, and as it seems ill judged praise, which has lately appeared, not only in the Oriental Christian Spectator, but also in the Columns of our Cotemporary of the Gazette.

What may be the just quantum of praise due to the compiler, we do not pretend to say; but it is very evident that puffing up almost any work, by calling it an object of the highest admiration, is likely to bring down an additional share of the reproach which, Dr. Johnson has said a Lexicographer can only hope to escape from; and which, under other circumstances might have been allowed to pass unrecorded.

That the objections noticed by our correspondent, are strong ones, is not to be wondered at from the very nature of the undertaking, and we understand they are in many respects applicable to nearly all the Dictionaries of Oriental Languages in existence. Notwithstanding this however, we believe that although blemishes, they will by no means destroy the practical utility of the work, and it is perhaps not a little in favor of the compiler, that the critical acumen displayed by the writer of the letter, has been unable to discover many other faults to which works of the kind are so liable.

MADRAS.

Captain LAMBERT of the Brig *Margaret*, has made the following communication to us. We think it our duty to give it publication; but we dare not venture a surmise, as to the name of the unfortunate Vessel, which has shared so hapless and dismal a fate.

"On my passage from Pondicherry to Padang in the Brig *Margaret* on the 8 h May l st in Lat. 61. 40' N. Long. 89 l. 30' E. at 5 P. M. we fell in with several detached pieces of wreck such as spars, planks, &c.; at sunset of the same day we passed the main body of the wreck consisting of the stern frame and part of the star-board broad-side; a few miles from this we discovered a raft of spars and capstan bars lashed together, but no living soul was to be seen on either. From the size of the timbers and bolts she must have been a vessel of from 4 to 500 tons, and from her appearance the wreck must have been recent as we could discover no barnacles on any part; we passed within a few yards of the wreck but from the blowing state of the weather and heavy Sea we could not with safety lower a boat to examine her more closely.—*Mad. Govt. Gaz. July*, 25.

CALCUTTA.

The Launch—Public expectation being highly raised by the report of the beauty of a vessel built upon the model of the experimental sloop of war, the Satellite, from designs by Sir Robert Seppings, a very large assemblage was attracted to the Howrah Dock on Saturday to witness the Launch of this stately bark. Few sights can be more interesting, and upon this occasion the *spectacle* was rendered even more than usually brilliant by the numerous parties of ladies who graced the scene. The river was covered with boats of every description—the fairy pinnance, the light, gondola-like, baulean, and the various picturesque specimens of native craft. The ships at anchor gave their many-colored streamers to the breeze, and the fair *debutante* was also highly decorated. The ceremony of christening was performed by Mrs. White, lady of Captain White of the Sherburne, and, after receiving the appropriate name of the Sylph, she glided, amid the acclamations of the spectators, gracefully and majestically into the water. So easy was the movement that, though to the eyes of the spectators she seemed to rush along with the flight of an arrow, the change from the shore to the river was scarcely perceptible by the persons who crowded her deck. She is considered by the amateurs to be a very superior specimen of Indian naval architecture. She is built entirely of teak, and is copper-fastened to her bends; her extreme length is feet 114-4, and her longest beam 27 feet. It is supposed that she will register about 305 tons. She was built by the Howrah Dock Company for Mr. Alexander Robertson, and is intended for the Opium Trade between Calcutta and China, in which that gentleman has been long and extensively engaged. Captain Wallace has been appointed to the command, and is expected to take her to sea before the expiration of a month. Having the advantage of all the modern improvements, and combining great strength with superior beauty and sailing qualities, the Sylph bids fair to obtain the precedence over all other trading vessels from this port. Contrary to the old custom she exhibited, while in the Dock, her complement of masts, together with her standing rigging; and another innovation shewed the spirit of what may be justly called an iron age; we mean that some parts of the rigging, such as the futtock shrouds, backstays, &c. are made of the metal produced of those mines, more precious and profitable to England than the golden tributes of Peru. We have only to add that the Hooghly presented a scene of animation and bustle unusual and attractive. As the Sylph flew [illegible], cheer was answered by cheer [illegible] those of the vessels she passed, though inexcusably, omitted to mention that another *interesting* "ceremony" took place before the Launch;—that of an elegant repast at the Bankshall of Howrath, where wit and champaign flew about in all directions.—*John Bull.*

List of high Prizes drawn in the third day's drawing of the second Calcutta Lottery, which took place on the 16th July.

Nos. 2937 3624 and 4230 Prizes of 1,600 Sicca Rupees each.

No. 2494 Prize of 800 Sicca Rupees.

Nos. 597 727 836 975 1026 1457 1475 1484 1789 2031 2072 2228 2335 2460 2880 3230 3357 3706 3860 3966 3995 4026 4335 4768 4771 4862 4923 and 4968 Prizes of 160 Sicca Rupees each.

CAPE.

[The following letter on the subject of the improvement of Brandy, distilled from the Wine of this Colony, is copied from the *Hobart Town Courier*, of the 1st of January last. The early period at which, in all probability, our ordinary Wines will be almost excluded from the British Markets, on the imposition of the equalising duty in 1833—renders it a point of the deepest importance to the Colony to promote the improved distillation of Colonial Spirits:]—

I am greatly obliged by your observations respecting the Cape Brandy, and permit me to state, that the low price of Cape Wines led the Cape Colonists to turn distillers. There can be no doubt of their ultimate success in competing with *French Brandies*. For several years they have imported such produce here, paying the same duties as the French, and which has been retailed as such. How desirable is it therefore to do them the justice of placing theirs on a par with the produce of other British Colonies. The "crisis-coming party" look with jealousy on every object advancing the prosperity of our empire, and wish doubtlessly that France should enjoy the benefit of the trade, rather than that it should fall into British hands. It has been stated publicly that ministers had formerly to contend with the Catholics, the Colonies, and the Debt, and that now the Colonies and the Debt remained. There unfortunately exists in every colony parties opposed to every rising benefit—these are led by interested parties corresponding and moving together at distant points, with a view to embarrass every movement of the government, and they fondly argue as they expect the extinction of our glorious race of Monarchs who have reigned above a thousand years. Some such are found at the Cape as well as amongst ourselves.

No wonder then that they should cavil about the introduction of French Brandies, the low duties on which, had produced so small a sum as that represented, particularly when the French interest was in view. Let however the Cape Colonists introduce their brandies on fair terms—it will soon be seen whether they can compete with the French—if not their imports will cease. I am however most happy to say, that the spleen of the discontented here is not likely to defeat of object of the Cape Colonists, who are greatly indebted to his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor for the most ready kind consideration of their claims to import produce on terms equally favourable with those enjoyed by other British colonists.

An application has we learn been made to his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, praying that the duty on Cape of Good Hope Brandy may be reduced to the same level as that now levied on West India Rum. The application was accompanied by a sample of the brandy manufactured by Messrs. Iles, Jones & Co. of the Paarl distillery at the Cape, and is said not to equal but to surpass most of the brandy that is now imported to Hobart Town, under the denomination of French Brandy.—*December* 11. *Com Adv. May.* 1.

EUROPE.

PROPOSAL FOR A PROPERTY-TAX, AND A REPEAL OF THE DUTIES ON TRADE.

WE again return to this important measure, to press its adoption upon the Government and the Public. The discreditable failure of the Budget, the insufficiency of the relief it afforded, and the miserable shifts to which a Ministry with the best intentions was reduced, sufficiently prove the imperious necessity of some measure by which the burdens of the people and embarrassments of the Government may be relieved. To effect this to any extent, can only be done by a graduated tax on Property and Income; leaving the lower incomes (say below 100l. per annum) untouched, pressing comparatively lightly upon those between 100l. and 1,000l. a year, and then rising on a graduated scale, till it falls *heavily* (say up to 20 per cent.) on those enormous revenues, whose posseesors may be irritated, but can scarcely be injured, let the Government demand whatever it may. We would especially select persons whose incomes are derived from the public without their rendering a *full* equivalent, or which are possessed in defiance of justice, and by evasion of law,—such as sinecurists, pensionners for no service, pluralists and non-residents, where the livings are above a certain value, as well as the higher order of dignified churchmen.

We lately estimated the produce of such a tax at nine millions.* We think a searching tax—such a measure as the Government who proposed and *will* carry the Reform question, ought to bring forward, both for the interest of the country and its own fame—would produce more. We are, however, willing to take it at this amount. If the Ministry would do an act of financial justice, and subject real property to the same legacy-duty as personal,—if they could be persuaded to revise their estimates, to exercise a rigid system of supervisal over the various departments—such a supervisal as the prudent head of an extensive firm would adopt,—above all, if they would reduce the expense without diminishing the strength o our warlike establishments, a further sum of three, most probably of four millions, would be obtained; especially looking at the saving that would take place in the expense of collecting the revenue by the proposal we are about to make.

This is, to sweep away the whole of the duties upon manufactures and raw materials† used in manufacture. This would be a direct relief to the extent of about eight millions (in round numbers); but the benefit it would produce to the dealer, the labourer, and the *consumer*, can scarcely be measured. The injury these duties do (by enhancing prices) both to navigation and commerce, have been before pointed out; the beggarly sums that some of the items produce can be readily seen in Sir Henry Parnell's *Financial Reform*; and the folly of paying a tax to-day, to draw it back to-morrow, with all its concomitants of fraud and trickery, can be imagined. But it is out of the power of those who have no practical acquaintance with the subject, to conceive the trouble and inconvenience they create—the checks they place upon industry and labour—the obstacles they throw in the way of improvement and enterprise—the shifts and expedients to which some of them give rise. Take an instance, where the impost is not *nominally* very heavy, nor the Excise regulations very troublesome.

Upon paper-hangings used for papering houses, a duty is charged of about 1 $\frac{1}{16}$*d.*‡ per yard, payable without any reference to their price. Upon the cheapest sorts, this impost amounts to *about forty per cent*, gradually decreasing as the prices of the article rise, till it sinks to two and a half per cent., or even less. Thus, a paper which sells at 3½d, per yard, might be sold for 1¾*d.*, or 2*d.* at the most, if the duties both upon the staining and making the paper, and upon the colours, &c. used in the manufacture were repealed, the domiciliary visits of the exciseman abolished, and all the trouble and expenses consequent upon both at an end. The increased demand may be guessed from the extent to which colouring and stencilling § are carried. In the upper rooms of many houses, in all the apartments of the humbler class, and in most houses built upon speculation, one of these plans is adopted to save expense. The repeal of the virtual restrictions upon this trade would, however, extend much further than the trade itself. The papermaker, the paperhanger, the blockcutter, the toolmaker, the colourman, &c. would be benefited by its extension; not to mention that it might be carried on with much less capital,—heavy duties acting, in some sense, to produce a monopoly in favour of wealth. It should not be forgotten, that while these taxes nearly double the burden to the humble consumer, they affect the very rich—the lawmakers—the purchasers who are *few in number*—to the extent of about a twentieth or thirtieth part, and sometimes much less. Illustrious nominees! young gentlemen of talent!—is this ignorance; or worse?

But to return to our figures. A balance of four millions would remain to us after repealing the duties pressing on trade. With this sum we should recommend the repeal of the window-duty, and the reduction of the taxes on tea, sugar, and tobacco, on the same scale as we formerly proposed. ‖ Should any of our readers agree with Sir Henry Parnell, and deem that the tea-duty had better remain as it is, till the monopoly of the East India Company is settled, the 800,000l. can be applied to reducing the imposts on hops, coffee, a greater reduction on tobacco (to prevent smuggling), or any other articles that may appear desirable. After the best consideration we can give the subject, we should prefer retaining the house-duty. *It has already fallen upon the landlord*; the property-tax must of necessity fall upon him also (the practical inconvenience and the heart burnings between tenant and tenant—next-door neighbours chargeable with a different rate of duty, not because of their own property, but because of their landlord's—would otherwise be so great); and the window-duty would relieve the tenant to a considerable degree.

The malt-duties will of course be revised—the duties on spirits more nearly equalized, with the exception of brandy, which should be lowered, to lessen the smuggler's bounty—and, perhaps, the duties on wines---certainly the stamps on newspapers considered with a view to a greater reduction.

If this measure, or one closely resembling it (for we are not absolutely *wedded* to our details), were brought forward, the benefits would be incalculable. By increasing the employment of capital, it would raise the demand for labour, and increase consumption to a great extent. Nor is this all. The excise-duties upon what are termed luxuries, although in reality many have become necessaries, would increase with the increasing prosperity of the humbler classes, and raise the revenue in proportion; and we doubt not, in a few years there would be a surplus revenue, to apply either in the reduction of other taxes, or in a useful endeavour to extinguish the debt. We calculate of course that a Reformed Parliament will eventually push retrenchment in the Army, Navy, and Civil departments, much farther than we have estimated—probably to the extent of five millions, instead of our three.

A word or two remains to be said on the *only* apparent objections of the leading Ministers themselves to this measure,—that "it is a war-tax;" and that "a direct-tax on funded property would tend more than any thing else to drive capital out of the country." To the first, it has been aptly replied, that it matters not whether a tax be a war tax or a peace-tax, provided it be a proper one. The latter is well met in a pamplet before us. * The author justly observes, that "the funded debt of every country represents, generally speaking, the *inert* capital of that country—capital for which the channels of trade afford no healthy occupation, and the withdrawal of which would consequently not affect the prosperity of the country." This withdrawal, however, is not likely to take place to any extent, on account of the depreciation the English Funds would suffer in proportion "to the amount of them offered for sale," and the consequent rise in the price of Foreign Funds, even if the state of affairs abroad were likely to tempt capitalists. It may be questioned, moreover, whether removal would be either convenient or practicable. Though the stockholder be, in Lord Brougham's words, "a man of no country—here to-day, and there to-morrow," he is rarely a man without connexions, houses and goods. There exist the greatest repugnance to quit the former; and to dispose of the latter, when many are anxious to sell, it is no trifling difficulty, unless it be done at an enormous sacrifice. The pressure upon revenue, too, would be more nominal than real. Its possesors would, in common with the rest of the community, reap all the advantages consequent upon the remission of the taxes on price.

It may be argued, this is too soon to press these questions. We answer, No. the nation is enthusiastic and devoted; the Ministry strong in anticipated victory, and in the reputation of talent and honesty; whilst their enemies are dispirited and "out of heart." It is but right, too, that the times which witness the downfall of the Oligarchy, should witness the downfall of their favourite mode of taxing others, and escaping themselves.

DIMINISHED CONSUMPTION OF TEA, AND INCREASED CONSUMPTION OF COFFEE AND COCOA.

ONE of the arguments made use of by those persons who are opposed to the E. I. Company's monopoly is, that by throwing open the China trade there would be a *vast increase* in the consumption of tea in the United Kingdom; and some have even gone so far as to predict an augmentation of 30,000,000 pounds weight!

It is our duty to investigate on what grounds such an expectation can be indulged in,—whether there be a reasonable probability of such a valuable accession to our commerce, and if the hypothesis be built on any, or on correct data; we are the more impelled to this inquiry, because the subject has not, so far as we know, yet engrossed the attention of the opponents or the advocates of the E. I. Company, and because a probable extended use of tea would really form a most cogent argument for the throwing open the trade; for, as regards the circumstance of there being an *excess* of price for tea in England over the same article in America, it must be borne in mind that the two countries are widely dissimilar in taxation, and that from the almost total absence of imposts on, and the low prices of, timber, hemp, iron, tar, flour, spirits, and in fact the various articles used in shipping, commerce &c., in America, it would be nearly impossible for any Eng-

*SPECTATOR, No. 130 we proposed that income should be assessed at 5—7½—10 per cent. on 250l.—500l.—750l. property at 7½,—10,—12½ per cent. This, perhaps, might be modified to 2½ per cent. on one, to 4 per cent. on the other, up to 500l.; property under 1000.*l* paying 6, and income 4 per cent, after which the difference should be 2½ per cent. As we intimate hereafter, a *low rate of income tax on small revenues is more than returned to its possessor, in diminished prices.* The above calculation may seem perhaps too high a rate of produce. We doubt it. We are certain the second is too low. Sir Henry Parnell seems to consider the Army, Navy, and Ordnance alone capable of a reduction to the amount of nearly five millions, in the non-effective expenditure; and this was before the late increase.

† These embrace glass, paper, printed goods (such as calicoes, paper-hangings, &c.), tallow, timber, coals, slates, bricks, tiles, soap, hide's, hemps, raw and thrown silk, drugs, colours, and an infinite variety of articles, "whose names were long to tell," down even to parchment and such like articles, which sometimes produce 10s. per annum, or even less.

‡ The amount is 1¾d. per square yard. Owing to a very general opinion in the *trade* that the Excise restricts them in the breadth of their paper, all paterms, no matter of what discription or for what rooms, are made 21 inches wide, and a piece (12 yards long) contains 7 yards sqare. From this idea, which we believe to be erroneous, and which, doubtless, had its origin in the dicta of some excisemen anxious not to be "put out of their way," a shrewd guess may be given of the delightful results which take place when Government condescends to prescribe the manner in which even the minutest processes of a trade shall be carried on. It is hardly necessary to say that we speak of retail prices in the text, and those *not* advertising prices

§ A coarse mode of staining upon the *wall* itself, by means of a colouring-brush and a pasteboard pattern, and upon which no duty is, or can be, charged. It is neither so neat nor so durable as paper, and occupies little more time than putting up the latter.

‖ We repeat the particulars.—

	Loss to Revenue.	Saving to Consumer.	
Windows....	£1,150,000.....	£1,150,000	Repealed.
Tea	800,000.....	1,920,000	Reduced.
Sugar.....	1,350,000.....	3,240,000	——
Tobacco.....	550,000.....	1,320,000	——
	3,850,000		

* The Expediency of a Property-Tax Considered in relation to the Objections of Earl Grey and Lord Brougham. Published by Westley.

lish free-trader to sell tea here at the same price for which it is sold in the former country.

Tea cannot be ranked as a necessary of life, it is simply a beverage devoid of nutriment, introduced by fashion, and upheld by custom, and it is by no means a decided question whether its continued use be conducive to longevity, physical strength, or mental development. Unlike other articles its consumption is not increased by habit; the consumer of wine, tobacco, or opium, will generally, according to his means, augment, almost daily, the quantity of the stimulant he uses; but an individual will consume no more tea at fifty years of age than he has done at twenty. Many circumstances have concurred to keep up the price and extend the use of tea in England; among which may be mentioned the high price of malt and spirituous liquors, and the excessive taxation on coffee, sugar, &c. It may therefore be fairly inferred that when on the reduction of the malt duty, the labouring classes of society can obtain good beer at a cheaper rate, and the middling classes abundance of coffee, cocoa, and sugar, there will be not only *no increased* consumption of tea, but on the contrary, a *diminished* use of that article, and such a state of things would not even be retarded by a larger importation of tea or a reduction in its price. We are supported in these statements by indisputable facts. Mr. Crawfurd states, that the consumption of tea in the United Kingdom, in the year 1787, was *one pound three ounces* and *fourteen drachms* per head, while forty-five years after, instead of increasing, it has *decreased* to one pound *one ounce* and *twelve drachms* per head, and we may add notwithstanding that since the former period the price of tea has been considerably *lessened*, and the quantity imported, *doubled!* America also supports our argument, for we find that in the year 1825, the American trade in tea to all parts of the world was 11,971,518 lbs.; and in 1827 in had *decreased* to 6,233,504 lbs.! This cannot be considered as the effect of any monopoly. At the Cape of Good Hope, we have a striking instance of *decrease*. In the year 1820, the population of that colony was 105,086 *mouths* (as the Chinese say), and the quantity of tea consumed by them amounted to *one hundred* and *fifty-eight thousand seven hundred* and *eighty eight pounds*, while in 1828, although the population had increased to 132,610, yet the quantity of tea consumed was only 77,916 lbs., or *one half* of that used in 1820. In 1827 the consumption of tea in Ireland, was 1,300,000 pounds *less* than in 1828! And although the population of Ireland has rapidly increased, indeed nearly doubled itself, since the commencement of the present century, yet the quantity of tea imported into that country is 400,000 pounds less in 1828 than 1800! The Netherlands tea trade is strongly corroborative of our opinions, for there the duty is exceedingly low, and the Americans have a free competition with the Dutch and Belgians. We observe by the statements of Mr. Masterson, the vice consul at Rotterdam, that to 1818, when the Dutch E. I. Company was destroyed and the Americans entered into their tea trade, that the quantity of tea imported into the Netherlands for the cosumption of its inhabitants, and for exportation to different parts of the Continent, amounted to 90,53. quarter-chests; yet in the year 1829 it only amounted to 26,392 quarter-chests! Here there was not only a free trade, but a *foreign* competition. It would be unnecessary to adduce more examples in support of our opinions respecting the consumption of tea, and we shall merely add that in France, where the duty is exceedingly low, *one* or *two* ships import annually sufficient tea for a population of 32,000,000.

Let us now investigate the cause for this stationary and decreased consumption of tea:

One cause, which for the present will be sufficiently illustrative, is the extended use of coffee, although the duty on it is greater than on tea by upwards of twenty per cent, and it has ranged, at some periods, 500 per cent higher than at others.

The *annual* consumption of coffee in several countries which have come within the knowledge of British merchants, is stated to be, in 1830, as follows:

	Tons.
Great Britain	9,700
Netherlands and Holland	40,200
Germany and the Baltic	32,000
France, Spain, and Portugal	28,500
America	12,500
Total Tons.	122,900

The consumption of *one-fifth* of this amount is stated to have taken place within the last few years in England and America.

To meet this vast demand, and to show how many parts of the globe can continue to furnish it, we subjoin the present *annual* production: viz. from.

	Tons
Java	19,000
Sumatra and other parts of India	6,000
Brazils and the Spanish Main	32,000
St. Domingo	15,000
Cuba	14,000
British West India Colonies	5,000
French West India Colonies Bourbon	8,000
Total Tons	111,500

From the foregoing it will be observed, that the supply of coffee is as yet inadequate to the demand, although *one-half* of the 111,500 tons is comparatively of *recent* growth; hence it may be inferred what a still further reduction in the consumption of tea may ensue when the supply of coffee will so much exceed the demand as to lessen its present price. The following figures will give some idea of the past and present consumption of coffee in Great Britain.

Consumption of Coffee in Great Britain during two different periods.

In 1795	lbs 282,200	In 1825	lbs. 11,080,970
1796	515,200	1826	18,208,328
1797	600,300	1827	15,566,376
1798	582,400	1828	17.127,633
1799	761,600	1829	19,476,180
1800	658.500	1880	21,728,000
Total	lbs. 3,400,200	Total	lbs. 97,282,482

In America, the consumption has progressed at the following rate.

In 1821	tons 6,680	In 1824	tons 9,000
1822	7,000	1825	9,500
1823	8,000	And in 1830	15,000

Coffee as an article of commerce is stated to have exhibited the most extraordinary fluctuations, and while at one period in some places it has formed the principal object of cultivation, it has at another era been almost entirely disregarded. The export of coffee from Java has fallen off in one year, 1828 to 1829, from 24,800 tons to 19,000 tons. In St. Domingo, in 1786, the coffee exported amounted to 35,000 tons, while now it has decreased to 15,000 tons. The exportation of coffee from Cuba was formerly 25,000 tons, at present it is not more than 14,000 tons. To make up for these great deficiencies, we have however a vast increase in the coffee produce of Ceylon, Bourbon, various parts of Africa and Asia, and some districts of America: Rio Janeiro, for instance, which in 1821 did not yield more than 7,500 tons, now exports about 28,000 tons! The consumption of coffee indeed throughout all Europe has been rapidly augmenting; for in 1820 *seventy-thousand tons* were sufficient for every European nation, while in 1830, *one hundred and twenty three thousand tons* were unequal to the demand. The fall of price in coffee, independent of the reduction of duty, has also been considerable; in 1820, it was from 118s. to 120s. per cwt., and in 1830, from 34s. to 35s. per cwt.!

To these facts we shall merely add, as further illustrating the cause of the *diminished* consumption of tea, the *increased* use of cocoa, which, although bearing an exceedingly high price, has experienced an augmentation of from *eight thousand* barrels and bags in 1828 to *eighteen thousand* barrels and bags in 1829, in the port of London alone!

We have deemed it necessary to lay this impartial statement before the public, because no cause, whether strong or weak, can be benefited by exaggerated statements or improbable expectations; and as our information relative to the consumption of tea is derived from Parliamentary papers, we consider it entitled to attention. We fear, indeed, that there is too much of selfishness actuating the motives of every party interested in the China trade.

PRO AND ANTI.

Two political declarations appeared yesterday, The one issues from a society which publishes the names of its managers, and the place of its meeting; the other from certain individuals who say they are of the wealthy class, but who give no name either of leaders or followers. The declaration of the headless, bodiless, nameless gentry, *lays*—so a nonsubscribed circular informs the select—at the City of London Tavern. If it should hatch where it *lays*, the *Times* says, the chickens will be droll ones;—we rather think that the eggs of the nameless will prove as addle as their pates.

ADDRESS OF THE PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATES SOCIETY.

"The measures of Reform brought forward by his Majesty's Ministers, which have been enthusiastically welcomed by the whole kingdom, will require the exertions of the people themselves to obtain the grand object of a legislative body identified with the popular interest.

"Hitherto, the men best fitted, by their intellectual and moral worth, to be representatives of the people, have usually shrunk from a popular election. The expense, corruption, and degradation attending on that hitherto debasing proceeding, have deterred the honest-minded, and but too often left the field open to those who have had much wealth to squander, and few scruples to overcome.

"It is hoped that this vicious system will no longer prevail; that places will be thrown open in which the honest candidate will have to stoop to no immoral acts, to practise no corruption, to truckle to no commands; and that the people will be able to choose who, by talent, industry, and probity, are fit to be popular representatives.

"This power, however, will be of little avail, if it be not judiciously exercised. Unless the electors be made acquainted with the character of the candidates who propose themselves—unless the men most worthy be brought to their notice—improper or inadequate selections will again be made; the same neglect of duty, the same corrupt practices, the same extravagant expendature, which have hitherto been our degradation and our curse, will continue.

"To prevent this evil, two things are required—1. To collect all necessary information respecting the character, talent, conduct, and connexions, of all persons who may be proposed as candidates for seats in the Legislature.—2. To lay this information, when obtained, before the public.

"Experience has taught us, that, separately, individuals cannot perform this task. Applications for information have often been made by various bodies of electors, desirous of choosing honest and enlightened representatives; but no one being prepared to answer their inquiries, the praiseworthy wishes of the electors have been frustrated. The idle, vain, and profligate, have too often been chosen in the place of the industrious, upright, and enlightened. The unprincipled political adventurer, swayed only by personal interests, has usurped the post of the honest, single-minded patriot; and a people harassed, plundered, and oppressed, have but too well attested the vicious operation of a badly-selected Legislature. Similar applications will again be made; and unless care be taken, they will again prove fruitless.

"What individuals cannot perform, may be easily effected by an association; and for the purpose of obtaining the information required, and properly and adequately publishing it to the world, the present Association has been formed, under the name of the Parliamentary Candidates Society; and the persons above named have been appointed a committee to carry the intentions of the Society into effect.

"The beneficial purpose here in view would be greatly aided by numerous local societies. But such separate yet connected bodies cannot be formed, since the 57th Geo. III. c. 19, s. 25, forbids all communication between them. A Society has therefore been formed, extending all over the country, of which any person may become a member on entering his name, address, and designation, in one of the Society's books, or by forwarding the same to the Secretary by letter; and on the payment of a subscription of not less than Five Shillings to the funds of the Society for the current year. Thus the *one* body may extend to the most distant parts of the country, and a correspondence carried on, to whatever extent may be desired, without any violation of the law. The whole people may thus act as a *single body*, aiding one another with their money, their labour, and their information, for the great and common end of obtaining a good government."

DECLARATION AGAINST THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

"We, the merchants, bankers, and others, inhabitants of London and its vicinity, whose names are hereunto subscribed, *have perused with feelings of the deepest regret the details of a bill which has been just submitted to the Legislature*, under the sanction of his Majesty's Government, for the avowed purpose of effecting an extensive Reform and alteration in the existing constitution of the Commons House of Parliament.

"While we should have been far from opposing ourselves to the adoption of any proposition, so recommended, of a temperate character, gradual in its operation, consistent with justice and the ancient usages of this realm, and having for its object the correction of acknowledged abuses, or any administration of public affairs which might seem to be called for by the changes or the necessities of the times, we feel it impossible to regard in that light a measure which, *by its unprecedented and unnecessary infringement on the rights and privileges of large and wealthy bodies of people*, would go far to sake the foundations of *that constitution under which our Sovereign holds his title to his throne*, his nobles to their estates, and ourselves and the rest of our fellow subjects to the various possessions and immunities which we enjoy by law—a measure which, while it pofesses to enlarge the presentation of the kingdom, on the broad basis of property, *would, in its practical operation, have the effect of closing the principal avenues through which the monied, the funded, the commercial the shipping, and colonial interests, together with all their connected and dependent interests, existing through the country, or dispersed through our vast empire abroad, have hitherto been represented in the Legislature*; and would thus in reality exclude the possessors of every large proportion of the national wealth from all effectual voice and influence in the regulation of the national affairs.

"The silence which the opponents of this project have hitherto felt to be imposed on them by their respect for the authority from which it emanated, so long, at least, as it was not before them in a defined and tangible shape, having been misconstrued by the ill-informed into an universal acquiescence in its principles and provisions, *we deem it a duty which we owe to ourselves, to our country, and to posterity, at the earliest practicable period after the printing of the bill, to protest against it by this public declaration, and to invite our fellow-citizens of all classes, participating in our sentiments, to unite with us in every practicable and lawful effort of temperate but determined resistance to the further progress of a measure which, in our conscience, we believe to be rash and inexpedient in its origin, and tending to consequences equally pernicious and irretrievable*—menacing to the peace of the country, fraught with alarm and peril to public and private credit, and calculated eventually to undermine and destroy *all those venerable institutions and establishments under whose influence and protection England has hitherto enjoyed a prosperity and maintained a station unexampled among the nations of the world.*"

AMUSEMENTS OF EASTER WEEK.

The town has not furnished the usual variety of "sights" with which it is accustomed to tempt the holyday people, or at least that portion who prefer the quiet recreation of exhibitions to the spirit-stirring, excitement of "sylvan sports!" There have been the old dusty or (as the weather pleases) delights of drenching [illegible]; while to those whose robust Greenwich Fa[illegible] the most riotous enjoyments insipid without a sma[illegible]ffered,—one of the neck modes of dislocation achieved by tumbling only, which may be gher affording the down Greenwich Hill; the odds as well as chance of dislocation to other jo[illegible] has the neck, at Epping. By-the-by, there been a strange mismanagement in the arrangement of the "Sports of the Field" this season, for a stag was selected that had actually never been hunted before; and, to the consternation of the whole field, and even of the boldest Cockney, the deer actually struck out a new track! Such an unheard-of occurrence, we hope, will not be repeated; for had not discretion, that "better part of valour," urged the riders to allow their horses to "throw off" with the hounds, the consequences might have been fatal, and many a figure that was the ornament of the counter or the shop-board might have been ignobly laid on a shutter. Those adventurous spirits who suffered themselves to be run away with by "the ardour of the chase"—that is, by their horses—were in a desperate plight; but, providentially, the thoughtless animal took its way through "Fair mead-bottom;" and no sooner had the horses' hoofs touched the soft ground, than the riders, with one accord, threw themselves into the embraces of Mother Earth, and those who could disengage their feet from the stirrups *came off* easily. There were, however, numerous instances wherein the courage of the rider surpassed that of the horse, by taking the leap that the beast refused,—"Vaulting ambition," as the poet says, "that o'erleaps *its horse*, and falls on t'other side:" and numbers returned to town covered with glory and contusions. We hope, however, that those who have the management of the sport will in future provide a properly-trained stag; who knows the road; or else, that the dogs at least may be taught to run without a stag at all,—which we think would answer the purpose equally well; but to hunt an uninitiated deer, even though a tame one, is "too bad."

But the greatest grievance of all is the absence of the Easter Ball. Inexorable Lord Mayor! to deprive so many of your liege of the privilege of penetrating into the inner mysteries of the Mansionhouse; who never, expect on this annual occasion, stand any chance of gaining a sight of its interior—beyond the Justice-room. Consider, my Lord, that it is not *your* house—it is the civic palace, and those who pay to keep up its splendour should at least have the privilege of damaging its decorations. To deny the City apprentices the privilege of looking over the Alderman of playing guinea whist in the parlour, and g-elbowing the Lady Mayoress in her drawing-room, or contemplating the gilt backs of for the current year, not well their owner, is, indeed, an innovation—a revolution unparalled by either Catholic Emancipation or Parliamentary Reform. The spirit of the City apprentices has deteriorated, since the time when the cry of "Clubs, 'prentices, clubs!" struck terror into the heart of the boldest Alderman, and even shook the chief magistrate himself. Some modification, however, of the severity and injustice of this un-corporate-like proceeding, may be found in the fact, that the Easter Ball was a serious injury to the interests of the proprietors of the dancing-booths at Green-wich Fair.

Then there are the Easter spectacles at the Theatres of Whitechapel and Cripplegate, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, Astley's the Surrey, the Coburg, and Queen's; each vieing with the other in noise, glare, tinsel, and transformations. We cannot pretend to give an account of them all, for we were surfeited of show at the two great houses; and visiting Mr. Duchow's theatre to see how he managed *Mazeppo* we were so overpowered with Turkish dresses, gorgeous banners, and all the paraphernalia of processions, that we surrendered at discretion before a charge of Polish Lancers.

At Covent Garden they have dressd up (not dramatized) the incident upon which is founded Lord Byron's poem of "The Island," carefully omitting all the sentiment of the story. *Nehau's Cave, or the South Sea Mutineers*, as it is called, is a compound of sailors and savages, with Mrs. Vining and Miss Taylor for the hero and heroine, and Keeley for a droll: the latter, as "Mr. Pimpernell Chickweed," gardener to the expedition, makes the audienee laugh in spite of themselves. The scenery is romantic and beautiful and constitutes the main attraction of the piece.

At Drury Lane, they have a tale of enchantment, called *The Ice Witch, or the Frozen Hand*. *Harold*, the Sea-King, and his attendant, *Magnus Snoro* (HARLEY), have been cast, almost frozen to death, and in a state of starvation, upon an ice island, and are the only survivors of the crew of the galley, having been reserved by the beautiful Ice Witch for the solace of herself and her waiting-maid *Hecla*. The two mortals are accordingly first fed and introduced to their enchanted domain, which is as summer-like and gorgeous as Calypso's bower; but growing cold in heart, as they get warm and comfortable in condition, they reject the loves of the witch and her waiting-woman,—who, in revenge inflict on *Harold* a token of remembrance in the shape of a frozen hand, which is death whomsoever it touches; while poor *S* endued with an atmosphere of f chills every one who approaches him then sent to earth in a gorgeous enchantresses have a splendid and stab with golden daggers,

rose leaves)—where they find their true loves have been run away with by a couple of barbarians. *Snoro* freezes his mistress and her maiden companions almosts into fits; and *Harold*, whose icy fists has enabled him to overcome his giant adversary, is in a state of perplexity as to how he shall conceal his fate from his mistress, when he is about to marry; when the Sun-God rises, and dissolves the charm by "a general thaw." There was an abundance of splendour in scenery, decorations, and dresses? and grim Saxons and combats, with Norwegians; Harley, as *Snoro* made plenty of fun, and Mrs. Waylett, as his mistress sang two ballads very prettily.

We have only one objection to these "spectacles,"—and that is to the superfluity of dialogue, which might be very well spared, with great benefit to author, actors, and audience: we would except the buffoonery, and permit occasional exclamations, and songs also; but all the rest should be mere pantomime. Even now, we are made aware of a deed of violence by an orchestral crash; a *simmering* of the violins denotes infirmity of purpose, or prevailing terror. How much more expressive is a sigh, or a shake of the head, than a soliloquy as long and obscure as a diplomatic letter, or a Parliamentary explanation! When a hero beats his breast, we understand that his heart beats too; when the heroine is to be tried, that it may seem natural she should go to sleep in order that she may be carried off,—rubbing the eyes, if a waiting-maid, or reclining the head on the hand if a mistress, are infinitely better than talking about it. The gestures of pantomime tell a story, and convey meaning better than the dialogue of these pieces, and the process is much shorter; at present, the audience require to be startled into attention by pistol-shots and crashes. It is quite enough to have the senses of seeing and hearing kept on the stretch for a couple of hours, without attempting to address the understanding by means of dialogue that only sets it asleep. We hope this will be amended.

In the shape of Exhibitions, there are the Panoramas of Calcutta, Quebec, New South Wales, and the new one of Hobart Town, Van Dieman's Land; of all of which we have given some account,—they are amomg the most pleasant and interesting sights for rational folks. Then there are the Diorama, and the Colosseum, and the Cosmorama, as heretofore; and four new views ot the Queen's Bazaar, that are well worthy of a visit; they consist of interiors of "King's College Chapel, Cambridge," the "Basilico of St. Francis," and two beautiful scenes, "Llanberris Lake with Dolbadern Tower," and the "Pass of Briançon,' the last a grand and romantic view. They are cleverly painted, but admit of being improved; and might, with a little more finish and eloboration of effect, be made nearly equal to the Diorama. Here are also the "Physiorama" Views, sixteen in number, on the plan of the Cosmorama. This establishment appears to attract a great deal of company. Miss Linwood also has been adding another large picture to her gallery of needle-work, the "Curse of Cain," which has occupied her during ten years. It is not, however, a pleasing production, being a specimen of the worst style of French painting, This unique exhibition, though it has been open for twenty years is as great a curiosity now as at first; for there is nothing like it in England, and it rivals the celebrated Gobelin Tapestry. The perfection with which pictures by Gainsborough, Morland, Northcote, Westall, &c. are imitated in worsted, is really wonderful; and the material would not be detected by a cursory observer who was uninformed of its nature. This gallery contains fifty pictures, many of them of a very large size, comprising every variety of subject—history, landscape, portrait, rustic life, animals, still-life—all of them of needle-work, and entirely the product of Miss Lindwood's skill and ingenuity.

THE FATE OF THE DUKE DE BIRON.

Francis Count of St. Maurice, was born at Poitiers, in the year 1580. His father perished in battle before his eyes opened to the day, and his mother scarcely survived his birth a week. His patrimonial property had been wasted in the wars of the league, and his only inheritance was his father's sword, and a few trembling lines written by his dying mother to the famous Baron de Biron, with whom she was distantly connected by the ties of blood. A trinket or two, the remnant of all the jewels that had decked her on her bridal day, paid the expense of arraying the dead wife of the fallen soldier for the grave, and furnished a few masses for the repose of both their souls; and an old servant, who had seen her mistress blossom into woman's loveliness, and then so soon fade into the tomb, after beholding the last dread dear offices bestowed upon the cold clay, took up the unhappy fruit of departed love, and bore it in her arms, on foot, to the only one on whom it seemed to have a claim. Biron, though stern, rude, and selfish, did not resist the demand. Ambition had not yet hardened his heart wholly, nor poisoned the purer stream of his affections; and gazing on the infant for a moment, he declared it was a lovely child, and wondrous like his cousin. He would make a soldier of the brat, he said, and he gave liberal orders for its care and tending. The child grew up, and the slight unmeaning features of the infant were moulded by time's hand—as ready to perfect as to destroy—into the face of as fair a boy as ever the eye beheld. Biron often saw and sported with the child, and its bold, sweet, and fearless mood, tempered by all the graces of youth and innocence, won upon the soldier's heart. He took a pride in his education, made him his page and his companion, led him early to the battle field, and inured him almost from infancy to danger and to arms.

Although occasionally fond of softer occupations—of music—of reading, and the dance, the young Count of St. Maurice loved the profession in which he was trained. Quick-sighted and talented, brave as a lion, and firm as a rock, he rose in his profession, and obtained several of those posts which, together with the liberality of his benefactor, enabled him, in some degree, to maintain the rank which had come down to him without the fortune to support it. Attaching himself more and more to Biron every year, he followed him in all his campaigns and expeditions, and paid him back, by many a service and many a care, the kindness he had shewn him in his infancy. So that twice had he saved the Marshal's life, and twice, by his active vigilance, had he enabled his leader to defeat the enemy, before he himself had reached the age of eighteen.

Gradually, however, a change came over the mind of Marshal Biron. Henry IV., his too good master, became firmly seated on the throne of France, and Biron, attributing all the king's success to his own support, thought no recompense sufficient for his services, no honors high, enough for his merit and his deeds. Henry was any thing but ungrateful, and though, in fact, he owed his throne to his birth, and to his own right hand, more than to any man on earth, he, nevertheless, loaded Marshal Biron with all the honours in his power to bestow. He was created a Duke and Peer of France, High Admiral, and Lieutenant-General of the king's armies; and many a post of distinction and emolument, raised his revenues and his dignity together. But still he was not satisfied: pride ambition, and discontent, took possession of his heart; and he meditated schemes of elevating himself, till the insanity of ambition led him to thoughts of treason. His manners, too, grew morose and haughty; he was reserved and distant to those he had formerly favoured, and his household became cold and stately.

At the same time, a change, but a very different change, had taken place in the bosom of the young St Maurice; and to explain what that change was, a fact must be mentioned, which is in itself a key to all the new feelings, and the new thoughts, the new speculations, and the new hopes, which entered into the bosom of the young, but fortuneless Count, about the end of the year 1600. About eight years before that period, there had been added to the family of the Duke de Biron a young niece, of about nine years old, a lively gentle girl, with bright fair hair and soft blue eyes, and pretty childish features, that had no look but that of innocence, when they were in repose, but which occasionally took, glance of bright, happy eagerness, with which we might suppose an angel gazing on the completion of some bright and mighty work. In her childhood, she played with the young St. Maurice, till they loved each other as childrin love; and just at that age when such things become dangerous to a young girl's heart, fluttering between infancy and womanhood, the Duke de Biron was ordered to Brussels on arrangements of the peace, and taking St. Maurice with him, he sent Mademoiselle de la Roche sure Marne to a convent, which she thought very hard, for her father and mother were both dead, and all that she loved on earth the Duke carried away with him.

St. Maurice was left behind at Brussels to terminate some business which Marshal Biron had not concluded, and when, after some lapse of time, he returned to France, and joined the Duke at the Citadel of Bourg, where that nobleman commanded for the King, he found Marie de la Roche no longer the same being he had left her. The bud had at once burst forth into a flower, and a flower of most transcendent loveliness. The form which his arm had encircled a thousand times, in boyish sport, had changed in the whole tone of its beauty. Every line, every movement, breathed a different spirit, and woke a different feeling. The features too, though soft as infancy, had lost their roundness of infancy, and in the still innocent imploring eyes, which yet called up all the memory of the past, there was an eloquent glance beaming from a woman's heart, in which childhood was outshone. The young Count felt no alteration in himself, but was dazzled and surprised with the change in her, and felt a sudden diffidence take possession of him, which the first warm unchanged welcome could hardly dispel. She seemed scarce to dream that there was a difference, for the time that she had spent in the convent was an unfilled blank, which afforded scarce a circumstance to mark the passage of a brief two years. The Duke de Biron received his young follower with rough kindness, but there were always various causes which kept him more from the society of St. Maurice than formerly. There were many strangers about him, some of whom were Italians, and St. Maurice saw that much private business was transacted, from a knowledge of which he was purposely excluded. The Duke would take long, and almost solitary rides, or go upon distant expeditions, to visit the different posts under his government, and then, instead of commanding at once the young soldier's company, he left him to escort Mademoiselle de la Roche to this fair sight, or that beautiful view. In the pride and selfishness of his heart, he never dreamed it possible that the poor and friendless Court of St. Maurice would dare to love the niece of the great Duke de Biron, or that Marie de la Roche would ever feel towards him in any other way than as the dependent follower of her uncle. But he knew not human nature. Mademoiselle de la Roche leaned upon the arm of St. Maurice, as they strayed through the beautiful scenery near Bourg, or yielded her light form to his grasp, as he lifted her on horseback, or listened to him while he told of battles and dangers when he had followed her uncle to the field, or gazed upon his flashing features and speaking eye while he spoke of great deeds, till her heart beat almost to pain whenever his step sounded along the corridors, and her veins thrilled at the slightest touch of his hand. St. Maurice, too, for months plunged blindly into the vortex before him. He thought not—he hesitated not at the consequences. But one feeling, one emotion, one passion filled his bosom,—annihilated foresight, prudence, reflection altogether,—took possession of heart and brain, and left the only object for his mind's conception—love!

It went on silently in the bosom of each; they spoke not what was in their hearts; they hardly dared to look in each other's eyes for fear the secret should find too eloquent a voice; and yet they each felt and knew, that loving, they were beloved. They could not but know it, for, constantly together, there were a thousand voiceless unconscious modes of expression, which told again and again a tale that was but to dear to the heart of each. And yet there is something in the strong confirmation of language which each required for the full satisfaction of their mutual hopes, and there are moments when passion will have voice. Such a moment came to them. They were alone; the sun had just sunk, and the few grey minutes of the twilight were speeding on irrevocable wings. There was no eye to see, no ear to hear, and their love was at length spoken.

They had felt it—they had known it long; but the moment it was uttured—its hopelessness—its perfect hopelessness—seemed suddenly to flash upon their minds, and they stood gazing on each other in awe and fear, like the First Two, when they had tasted the fatal fruit of the knowledge of good and evil. But the never-to-be-recalled words had been breathed, and there was a dread and a hope and a tenderness, mingled with every glance that they turned upon one another.

Still the Duke de Biron did not see, for his mind was so deeply engrossed with the schemes of his mad ambition, and the selfishness of his pride, that nothing else rested in his thoughts for a moment. Messengers were coming and going between him and the Duke of Savoy, a known enemy to France, and whenever he spoke with St. Maurice, it was in terms of anger towards the good king Henry IV., and of praise and pleasure towards the cold hearted monarch of Spain. Often, too, he would apparently strive to sound the disposition of his young follower, and would throw him into company with men of more art and cunning than himself, who would speak of the destruction of the Bourbon line as necessary for the good of France and the tranquillity of Europe, and insinuate that a time might be at hand when such a sacrifice would be completed. St. Maurice frowned, and was silent when the design was covered, as often happened, with much art, and boldly spoke his mind against traitors when the treason was apparent.

At length one day he was called to the presence of the Duke, whom he found alone. "Come hither, St. Maurice," said his friend; "I have brought you up, young Count, from your infancy to your manhood—I have been your friend in fair days and foul—I taught you the duty of a soldier, and the duty of an officer—I have raised you higher than any other man in France could do, or would do—and now tell me—whether do you love best, Henry of Bearn or me?"

"Your words, my lord," replied St. Maurice, "taught me in early years to love the King, and your actions taught me to love yourself, but the honour of a French noble teaches me to love my duty, and that joins ever with my love towards my King."

"Ha!" exclaimed Biron, his dark brow burning," must you teach me what is duty?—Begone, ungrateful boy!—leave me—thus, like the man in the fable, we nourish serpents in our bosom, that will one day sting us—begone, I say!"—St Maurice turned to quit the cabinet, with feelings of sorrow and indignation in his heart. But grief to see his benefactor thus standing on the brink of dishonour and destruction, overcame all personal feeling, and he paused, exclaiming, "Oh! my lord my lord! Beware how you bring certain ruin on your own head————." But remonstrance only called up wrath. Biron lost all command over himself. He stamped with his heavy boot till the chamber rang; he bade St Maurice quit his presence and his dwelling; he stripped him, with a word, of all the posts and employments which he had conferred upon him, and bade him, ere two days were over, leave the castle of Bourg, and go forth from his family a beggar as he had entered it. Nor alone, in his rash passion, did he content himself with venting his wrath upon his young follower, but he dropped words against the monarch and the state, which left, his treasonable practices beyond a doubt.

The young Count heard as little as possible, but hurried from the presence of a man whom pride and anger had frensied, and hastening to his chamber, he paused but to ponder over all the painful circumstances of his own situation. Nothing was before him but despair, and his brain whirled round and round with that vague wild confusion of painful ideas, which no corporeal agony can equal. The predominant thought, however, the idea that rose up with more and more frightful prominence every moment, was the necessity of parting from her he loved—and of parting for ever, without one hope, without one expectation to soothe the long cold blank of absence. He could have borne the unjust and cutting unkindness of the Duke—he could have borne the lose of fortune, and the prospect of that hard fierce struggle which the world requires of men who would rise above their original lot—he could have borne the reverse of state and station, comfort, and fortune, without a murmur or a sigh, but to lose the object in which all the ardent feelings of an ardent heart had been concentrated, was more, far more than he could bear. Thus he pondered for near an hour, letting the bitter stream of thought flow on, while every moment added some new drop of sorrow, as reflection shewed him more and more the utter hopelessness of all his prospects.

The setting out of a large train from before his window, first roused him from his painful dream and, though he knew not why, he felt relieved when he beheld the Duke de Biron himself lead the way, caparisoned as for a journey. The next moment found him beside Mademoiselle de la Roche. Her eyes were full of tears, and he instantly concluded she had heard his fate, but it was not so. She was weeping, she said, because her uncle had come to her apartments angry on some account, and had harshly commanded her back to her convent next day; and as she told her lover, she wept more and more. But when he in turn related the Duke's anger with him, and his commands to quit the citadel—when he told her all the destitution of his situation—and his hopelessness of winning her when all his fortune on the earth was his sword and a thousand crowns, Marie de la Roche wept no more, but drying her bright eyes, she put her hand in his, saying, "St. Maurice, we will go together! We love each other, and nobody in the world cares aught about us—my uncle casts us both off—but my inheritance must sooner or later be mine, and we will take our lot together!"

Such words, spoken by such lips, were far more than a lover's heart could resist. Had he been absent when that scheme was proposed—had he not seen her—had he not held her hand in his—had her eyes not looked upon him, he might have thought of difficulties, and prudence, and danger, and uncomfort to her. But now her very look lighted up hope in his heart, and he would not let fear or doubt for a single instant shadow the rekindled beams. He exacted but one thing—she should bring him no fortune. The Duke de Biron should never say that he had wedded his niece for her wealth—if she would sacrifice all, and share his fate, he feared not that with his name and with his sword, and her love to inspire him, he should find fortune in some distant land. Marie doubted not either, and willingly agreed to risk herself with him upon the wide unknown ocean of events. It seemed as if all circumstances combined to enable them more easily to make the trial. The Duke de Biron had gone to Fontainbleau, boldly to meet the generous master he had determined to betray, and the old chaplain of the citadel, whose life St. Maurice had saved at the battle of Vitry, after many an entreaty, consented to unite him that very night to his young sweet bride. Their horses were to be prepared in the grey of the morning, before the sun had risen, and they doubted not that a few hours would take them over the frontier, beyond the danger of pursuit.

The castle was suffered to sink into repose, and all was still, but at midnight a solitary taper lighted the altar of the chapel, and St. Maurice soon pressed Marie to his heart as his wife. In silence he led forth, while the priest followed with trembling steps, fearful lest the lightest footfall should awaken notice and suspicion; but all remained tranquil—the lights in the chapel were extinguished, and the chaplain retreated in peace to his apartment.

There was scarcely a beam in the eastern sky when St Maurice glided forth to see if the horses were prepared. He paused and listened—there was a noise below, and he thought he heard coming steps along some of the more distant corridors. A long passage separated him from his own chamber, and he feared to be seen returning to that of Marie, for he might be obliged at once to proclaim his marriage, lest her fair fame should be injured, and he therefore determined to hasten forward, and strive to gain his own part of the building. He strode onward like light, but at the top of the staircase a firm hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a loud voice demanded "Who are you?" St Maurice paused, undetermined whether to resist and still try to shake off the person who stopped him, or to declare himself at once; but the dim outline of several other figures against a window beyond, shewed him that opposition was vain, and he replied, "I am the Count of St Maurice; why do you stop me, sir?"

"In the King's name, I arrest you, Count of St Maurice," replied the voice; "give me your sword."

"In the King's name, or in the Marshal de Biron's, gentlemen?" demanded St Maurice, somewhat bitterly. "You jest with me, gentlemen; my lord the Duke I may have offended, but the King never."

"I said in the King's name, young gentleman," replied the other gravely, taking the sword, which St Maurice yielded. "You, sirs," he continued, turning to those who stood near, "guard this prisoner closely, while I seek for the Baron de Lux."

St Maurice was detained for a few minutes in the corridor, and then bade to prepare to journey to Fontainbleau. The whole castle was now in confusion, and all the principal officers of Marshal Biron, the Count found, were, like himself, under arrest. At his earnest entreaty, the Count de Belin, who commanded the party of royal troops, permitted him to take leave of her he had

so lately wedded, though only in his presence. Marie de la Roche sur Marne was drowned in tears, but alarm for her uncle's safety easily accounted for that, and the few low words of comfort and assurance which St Maurice spoke, betrayed not at all, the secret of their union. She suffered him to speak uninterrupted but by her sobs; but when he bent over her hand to raise it to his lips, with the formal courtesy of the day, all was forgotten but her love and her despair, and casting herself into his arms, she hid her eyes upon his shoulder, and wept with the bitter agonizing tears of unavailing love.

The old Court de Belin gently unclasped her arms, and removed St. Maurice, who turned, and grasping his hand, said, with a meaning look, "Sir, you are a soldier and a gentleman—our confidence, I am sure, is safe?"

"Upon my honour," replied the officer, laying his hand upon his heart, and St. Maurice was satisfied. He was soon after put on horseback, and conducted with several others to Fontainbleau, from whence he was immediately carried to Paris, and lodged in the Bastile. But it may be now time to turn to him whose weak ambition had brought ruin on his own head.

As is well known, the Duke de Biron, summoned by the King to his presence on clear information of his treason, proceeded at once to Fontainbleau, depending fully on the fidelity of the very man who had betrayed him, and entered the gardens in which Henry was walking, at the very moment when the monarch was declaring, *that beyond all doubt he would not come.* He advanced at once towards the King and Henry, whose frank and generous heart would fain have believed him less guilty than he really was, embraced him according to his custom, saying, "You did well to come, Lord Duke, otherwise I should have gone to seek you;" and, taking him by the hand, he led him into another garden, where he could speak with him unobserved. There Henry at once, with the noble candour of a noble heart, told him that good information had been received, of his having carried on a long correspondence with the enemies of the state. "Speak the truth, my lord," he added; "tell me all, and, good faith, no one shall know it; the matter shall go no further, and all it shall cost you shall be a sincere repentance."

The Marshal replied, proudly, that he had nothing to confess, and that his purpose in coming, was to meet his accusers. There was a rudeness in his answer, which was not the boldness of innocence; and Henry, turning away, rejoined the court. Still Henry tried more than once during the day to win from the traitor one repentant word. He again and again solicited him to speak. He sent his friend to him, and his relations; and though urged by his council—before which full proofs of the Marshal's guilt had long been laid, and which had taken prompt measures, as we have seen, for securing his followers and dependents—still Henry's heart rebelled against his better judgment, and would not suffer him to order his arrest. "If this matter be tried, and proved against him," said the King, "justice must have its way, for the sake of public example; but I would fain avert the necessity." At length, even at midnight, Henry once more called his treacherous servant to his presence; and again begged him, for his own sake, to confess his fault. "Let me hear from your own mouth," said the monarch, "that which, with great sorrow, I have heard from too good authority; and on a frank acknowledgment, I promise to grant you pardon and kindness. Whatever crime you may have committed or meditated against my person, if you will but confess it, I will cover it over with the mantle of my protection, and forget it myself for ever."*

"Sire!" replied the Marshal boldly, "I have nothing to say but what I have said. I did not come to your Majesty to justify myself, but to beg you only to tell me my enemies, that I may seek justice against them, or render it to myself."

Henry turned away disgusted, and the Duke advanced through the door of the saloon into the antechambers beyond. At the door of that, however, which led out upon the stair-case, he was met by the Count de Vitry, who, seizing his right hand in his own left, caught the hilt of Biron's sword with the other hand, exclaiming, "The King commands me to give an account of your person, sir. Yield me your sword."

Biron started, and a mortal paleness came over his face; for it would seem that he never dreamed for a moment, either that the monarch had accurate information of his treason, or would proceed to do justice against him. He suffered himself to be disarmed, however, and led to a secure apartment, where, after he had recovered from his first surprise, he passed the night in violent and intemperate language, injurious to his own cause, and indecent in itself. From thence he was conveyed to the Bastile, and his trial proceeded in with great rapidity. A thousand efforts were made to save him, by his friends and relations; and Henry was besieged, wherever he appeared, with tears and petitions. But the day of mercy had gone by; and the same monarch who had almost supplicated his rebellious subject to say one word that might save himself, now sternly declared that justice must take its course; and that whatever the law awarded, without fail should be put in execution.

* These two remarkable speeches are upon record.

In the meanwhile, St. Maurice passed his time in bitter meditations, confined in a dull cell of the Bastile, which, though not absolutely a dungeon, contained nothing but one of those small narrow beds, whose very look was like that of the grave, a crucifix, and a missal. The hours and the days wore on, and he saw no one but the the people who brought him his daily food, and a few persons passing occasionally across the inner court of the Bastile; so that solitude and sad thoughts traced every day deeper lines upon his heart, and upon his brow. He thought of her whom he loved—of what her situation was, and what it might be; and when that was too painful, he turned his mind to his own fate, and tried to look it calmly in the face, but still the image of Marie rose up in every scene, and reduced all the native resolution of his heart to woman's weakness.

He was thus one day cast heedlessly on his bed, when the door of his cell opened, and the jailer desired him to follow. St. Maurice rose and obeyed, and a few minutes brought him to a larger chamber which he was bade to enter. At the other side of the room there stood a middle-sized man, habited in a plain suit of rusty black velvet, with strong marked anquiline features, and grey hair and beard. His eye was keen and quick, his forehead broad and high, and there was something peculiar in the firm rooted attitude with which he stood, bending his eyes upon the open door. Even had St Maurice never seen him before, he could never have doubted that he was a King.

"Come hither, Sir Count," said Henry IV. abruptly, "and tell me all you know of this treason of the Duke de Biron. Tell me all, tell me true, and, by my faith, you shall have full pardon."

"Sire," replied St. Maurice, "when my father died in the service of your majesty, and my mother left this world a few days after my birth, I was left a penniless orphan, for all our fortunes had been lost in your royal cause——" Henry knitted his brow—"I was a beggar," continued St. Maurice, "and the Duke de Biron took pity on me—brought me up—led me to the field—protected—provided for me"——

"Hold! hold! hold!" cried the King. "Say no more! say no more—go you gone—yet stay—I seek not, sir, this unhappy man's death. Justice shall be done, but no more than justice—not severity. If you know any thing which can mitigate his offence, speak it boldly, and the King will thank you; any thing that may render his crime less black."

"I know little, Sire, of the Marshal's late conduct," replied the Count, "for in truth I have been less in his confidence than formerly; but this I know, and do believe, that he is one of those men to speak, aye, and to write, many base things in a hasty and a passionate mood, that he would be the last on earth to act."

Henry mused for a moment in silence, and then, without any farther observation, ordered St. Maurice back again to his cell.

Another long week passed, and day after day grew more weary and horrible than the last. Each hour, each moment, added to anxiety, uncertainty, and expectation, already beyond endurance. The rising and the setting of the sun, the heavy passing away of the long and tardy minutes, the wide vague infinity through which apprehension and care had leave to roam, overwhelmed his mind, and shook even his corporeal strength. Each noise, each sound, made him start; and the very opening of his cell door brought with it some quick indistinct fear. It is said that those long accustomed to solitary confinement, get inured to the dead, blank vacancy of existence without action; lose hope, and fear, and thought, and care; and exist, but hardly can be said to live. But St. Maurice had not yet had time to let one of the fresh pangs of his situation become lulled by the opiate of custom, and every moment of its endurance was a moment of new agony. He heard no tidings, he received no comfort, no hope, from any one. The very joys that he had known, and the love he valued most became a torture to him; his own heart was a burden, and while the future was all dark and lowering, the past was full of regret, and prolific of apprehension.

At length one evening an unusual number of footsteps traversing the court below, called him from the bed on which he usually cast himself in prostrate despondency, and he beheld, from the small window of his cell, a number of people gathered together in the open space, of a quality which shewed at once that some great and formal act was about to take place within the walls of the prison. The Chancellor was there, and various judges and officers of the Parliament, and a number of the municipal body of Paris were on the spot, with clerks and sergeants, and the two chief *prévôts*. A small body of soldiers also guarded the different doors of the court, and on the side next to the garden was raised a scaffold, about five feet above the ground, at the foot of which a strong man in black stood, with two others of an inferior grade, examining the edge of a large heavy sword, which was suddenly put into the sheath on the sound of some voices at the other side of the court.

At that moment the Duke de Biron was brought in through the opposite door, accompanied by several of the officers of the prison. His dark swarthy countenance was not a shade paler than usual, and, with his hat and plume upon his head, he walked boldly forward with an erect and daring carriage; but as his eye first fell upon the scaffold, he paused a single instant, exclaiming, "Ha!" He then strode forward again, as if he had been marching against an enemy, and came to the foot of the ladder which led to the scaffold. There he paused and looked round him with furious and impatient eyes, as if he would fain have vented the wrath that was in his heart upon some of those around him.

"Sir Chancellor! Sir Chancellor!" he cried, "you have condemned a man more innocent than many you have suffered to escape, and that upon the evidence of two perjured villians. You have done injustice, sir, which you could have prevented, and you shall answer for it before God.—Yes, sir, before him to whose presence I summon you before a year pass over." Then turning to the commandant, he added, "Ah, Monsieur de Roissay, had your father been alive, he would have aided me to quit this place. Fie! fie! is this a fate for one who has served his country as I have?"

"My lord duke," said the Chancellor, "you have heard the sentence of your peers, and it must now be executed. The King commands me to demand the insignia of that noble order to which you once belonged."

"There, sir, take it!" cried the duke, giving him his star and riband.

"Tell the king, that, though he treats me thus, I have never broken one statute of the order to which my deeds in his service raised me.—Pshaw!" he continued, turning from the priests, who now pressed him to confess—"I make my confession aloud. All my words are my confession.—Still," he added, as his eye rested for a moment on the scaffold and all the awful preparation for his fate, "still I may as well think a while of where I am going."

He then spoke for a few minutes with the priest who stood by his side. His countenance grew calmer and graver; and after having received absolution and the sacrament, he looked for a brief space up towards the sky, then knelt down before the scaffold, and prayed for some time, while a dead silence was maintained around—you might have heard a feather fall. As he still knelt, the sun broke out, and shone calmly and sweetly over the whole array of death, while a bird in the neighbouring garden, wakened by the sunshine and the deep stillness broke into a clear, shrill, joyful song, with the most painful music that ever struck the ear.

The prisoner started on his feet, and, after looking round for an instant, mounted the scaffold with the same bold step wherewith he had approached it. His eyes, however, still had in them that sort of wild, ferocious gleam, which they had exhibited ever since his arrest? and though he seemed to strive for calmness, and displayed not a touch of fear, yet there was an angry spirit in his tone as he addressed those around him. "I have wronged the King" he said sharply, "I have wronged the King. 'Tis better to acknowledge it. But that I ever sought his life, is a lie and perjury. Had I listened to evil counsel, he would have been dead ten years ago. Ah! my old friends and fellow-soldiers," he added, turning to the guards, "why will none of you fire your piece into my heart, instead of leaving me to the vile hands of this common butcher." And he pointed to the executioner, "Touch me not," he continued, seeing the other approach him with a handkerchief to bind his eyes—"Touch me not with those hellish fingers, or, by heavens, I will tear you limb from limb! Give me the handkerchief."

He then cast his hat away from him, and bound his own eyes- knelt—prayed again for a moment—rose suddenly up as the executioner was about to draw the sword—withdrew the covering from his sight---gazed wildly round him for an instant, and beckoned one of the officers to tie up his long hair under the handkerchief. This was immediately done, and his eyes being covered, he called out, "Haste! haste!"—"Repeat the *In manus* my lord," said the executioner, taking the heavy sword, which had been hitherto concealed by the attendants.

Biron began to repeat the psalm of the dying—the blade glittered in the air—swayed round the head of the executioner; and before the eye could trace the blow which ended the earthly career of the unfortunate but guilty soldier, his head was severed at once from his body, and Biron was no more.

A feeling of intense and painful interest had kept St. Maurice at the window till the moment that the unhappy soldier covered his own eyes with the handkerchief; but then a sensation of giddy sickness forced him away, and he cast himself down once more, with bitterer feelings than ever at his heart. The world seemed all a hell of cares and sorrows, and he could have died that moment with hardly a regret. After he had lain there for near two hours, he once more rose, and approached the window. The crowd were all gone, but the dark scaffold still remained, and the young soldier drew back again, saying to himself, "Who next? who next?" He lay down and tried to sleep, but his throbbing temples, and his heated blood, rendered the effort vain. Strange wild images rose up before his eyes, Fiends and foul shapes were grinning at him in the air. Fire seemed circling through his veins, and burning his heart; he talked, with no one to hear—he raved—he struggled—and then came a long term of perfect forgetfulness, at the end of which he woke as from a profound sleep.

He was weak as a child, and his ideas of the past were but faint and confused. The first thing, however, that returned to memory was the image of his cell, and he cast his heavy eyes around, in search of the bolts, and bars, and grated windows; but no such things were near. He was in a small but handsome room, with the open lattice admitting the breath of many flowers, and by his side sat an old and reverend dame, whom he had never seen before. A few faint but coherent words, and the light of intelligence re-awakened in his eye, shewed the nurse, for such she was, that the fever had left him, and going out of the chamber, she returned with a soldier-like man, whom St. Maurice at once remembered as the old Count de Belin, who had arrested him at Bourg. Many words of comfort and solace were spoken by the old soldier, but St Maurice was forbidden to utter a word, or ask a question for several days. A physician, too, with a grave and solemn face, visited him twice each day, and gave manifold cautions and warnings as to his treatment, which the young gentleman began soon to think unnecessary, as the firm calm pulse of health grew fuller and fuller in his frame. At length one day, as he lay somewhat weary of restraint, the door opened, and Henry IV, himself stood by his bed-side. "Now, faith, my good young Count," said the Monarch, "I had a hearty mind to keep you to silence and thin bouillon for some days longer, to punish certain rash words spoken in the Bastile, casting a stigma upon royal gratitude for leaving faithful friends who had lost all in our behalf, to poverty and want. But I have lately heard all your story, and more of it than you thought I ever would hear; and therefore, though I shall take care that there be no more reproaches against my gratitude, as a punishment for your crimes, I shall sell you as a slave for ever. Come hither, sweet taskmaster," he added, raising his voice "and be sure you do all that woman can—and that is no small power—to tease this youth through all his life to come."

As the King spoke, the flutter of a woman's robe—the bright, dear eyes—the sweet, all-graceful form,—the bland, glad smile of her he loved, burst upon the young soldier's sight; and she, forgetting fear, timidity, the presence of royalty—all, all but love, sprung forward at once, and bedewed his bosom with her happy tears.

HINTS FOR A "DINING OUT" MAN.

By Dining-out Men, we intend no reference to those idols of dinner givers, who have a right divine to a seat at the Saturday and Sunday hecatombs of the fashionable world; such as bachelor lords with an Ude or a Gazzania* of their own,—or a Christmas-vacation chateau, or Easter villa; or lions of unquestionably authenticity, such as "Moore, Scott, and Rogers, all the better brothers." We address our hints ratner to such persons as new M. P's who have a season's claim to be fed, in consideration of some cast-iron political pamphlet, as dry as deal shavings; younger brothers of the aristocracy, whose Meyerian coats and small n things entitle them to the smiles of the h ess and her female guests; secretaries and under-secretaries whose comprehensive government franks demand the requital of an occasional slice of the haunch; and above all, the minnows of Helicon, and small literati. This last comprehensive class may be subdivided into the learned-incomotive, who have galloped on a guanaco cross the Pampas, or dined tusk to tusk with a Walrus on the cutlet of a row seal; the elegiac jongleurs of the Annuals and the Burlington Arcade, who are ever agonized by the metrical tortures of "A last look," or "A first sigh;" the punsters of the Albany and Inner Temple; and the machinists of club bon-mots. To these hungry pretendants in the lists of the Field of the Cloth of Damask, we address a few hints for their own advantage and that of their feeders and fellow-feeders.

Imprimis.—Be careful not to make your appearance amongst the earliest guests; or you will have to steer between the perils of appearing a dull fellow to your host and his John-and Joan-Trot punctualists, or of wasting some of your best stories before the arrival of the more select part of the audience.

Avoid, however, being too late; as you will not be able in that case to get your civilities of etiquette over before dinner, and your turbot will be interrupted by the necessity of common place inquires to your female neighbour.

Eschew if possible the post of honour on either side your hostess, in many antediluvian mansions it entails the penalty of carving, in all it forms the frigid zone [illegible] dinner-table prosy, proper, and [illegible] fragment of vapid salmi or [illegible] your plate is [illegible] eyed lady of [illegible] precludes y[illegible] rest of the [illegible]

The mo[illegible] next the [illegible] which s[illegible] entrées, [illegible] when c[illegible]

If yo[illegible] be caref[illegible] opposit[illegible] compel[illegible] while he [illegible] assertain tha[illegible] purée de gibier[illegible] syllable.

If you have any thi[illegible] visate, do not let it be la[illegible] a second-rate joke will [illegible] round of Champagne.

If some other officious [illegible] forward a piece of valuab[illegible] bserve carelessly, "I su[illegible] you heard that from Lord [illegible] I whispered it in confidence[illegible]

* Celebrated Cooks, who receive [illegible] year, besides "pretty pickings," per-c[illegible] tradesmen, &c.

If any rival wit takes the liberty of amusing the company with some brilliant and original anecdote, murmur elegically "Poor Tom Sheridan! what a delightful companion he was! that was one of his best stories!"

It is not safe to repeat a striking bonmot more than three times in one season—once before Easter, at some Dowager's feed—once in the month of May, at Dudley House, or some Parliamentary cram—and once in the dog-days, at a dejeuné á la fourchette.

Never repeat a good thing after Lord Alvanley, Lord Normanby, Luttrell, Copley, or any of the established *Wits* who give the tone to the Cuckoo-clocks of May Fair dinners. It is rash to pirate a joke unless from some modest aspirant whom you meet at your solicitor's, near Russel square; or some small unknown, in training as a farceur, who does not venture to utter his puns above his breath. These with a little pruning and polishing may readily pass for your own.

If you have a joke the the point of which does not quite satisfy you, never commit yourself by launching it publickly at the dinner-table. Try it on a friend or two, by rehearsal in the course of a few morning visits.

Always be shocked by the introduction of a scandalous tale, or bitter satire. After having boldly evinced your disgust at the censorious and slanderous taste of the times, you have an excellent opportunity for repeating the most malicious edition of the anecdote, in evidence of this universal Depravity of Tongue.

Let no temptation induce you to make your appearance in the drawing-room after dinner. Unless at the house of some country baronet sufficiently demoralised to dine at seven o'clock in the month of may and June, it will interrupt all the arrangements of your hostess, and give a most unfavourable notion of your own engagement list. Contrive that the butler should whisher in your ear the announcement of your cabriolet when a third bottle of claret is introduced, and the elderly gentlemen present begin to drop the ultimate syllable of their words. By an early departure, moreover, you insure your own hat.—*Com. Ad. June*, 1.

SPECTATORS LIBRARY.

We wish that Mr. Bulwer, before he published his Siamese Twins, had performed that operation on his verse which his surgeon performed on the boys—viz. cut Ching from Chang, or, in other words, separated the serious from the satirical. The unnatural union of the jeering humorist and the high-souled poet gave us a distaste for both, and subjected us to the mortification of finding, on taking up the volume again, that we had not read the principal minor poem, called "Milton," with the proper relish of its beauties.

The poem is somewhat mysterious in the design; and it is difficult to make out the nature of the shadowy being Zoe, unless she be the Leonora of the great poet's elegiacs: but one thing is clear, that it presents us with four portraits of Milton, at diffrent periods of his life, which appear to us of remarkable power and beauty. In the first, he is a young and dreaming poet, reclining in the summer's shade—as he has represented himself; in the second, he is travelling in Italy, and at Rome; in the third, we have the stern republican, the eloquent denouncer of royal crimes, and defender of the national honour.

"Long years have flown!—and where's the Minstrel now?—
Manhood hath set in clouds upon his brow!—
Midnight is past—the solitary lamp
Burns in his cell—and o'er his cheek the ray
Doth like the dim smile of a sick man play—
Pale is his lordly front, and toil and thought
Have darkly there their furrow'd witness wrought:
Still as he bends him to his task—the damp
Wrung from the frame which fails th' unconquer'd will,
Grows o'er the hueless forehead, fast, red and chill,
And ever with each pause, that lonely light
Flares hot and scathing on his aching sight.
Alas! no more by golden palaces,
By star-lit founts and Dryad-haunted trees,
Shall fancy waft her Votary's willing soul.
But on he journey'd through a rugged plain,
Lur'd by the glory of the distant goal,
And in that midnight solitude, though pain
And fever wore his heart—and he could feel
O'er his dim eye the dull film darkly steal,
Yet did he shrink not—though the lip grew pale
And the frame feeble—though the sight might fail,
And the lone Night his sad companion be;
Yet on exulting soul! thy path is clear,
On—on for England and for Liberty!"

This is noble; but the next stage—of blindness and age—combined with high intellectual vigour, and the most glorious visions of the imagination, is a picture of that purity and sublimity that it may be said to be conceived in Milton's own generous vein,—and we could not say more.

"There sate an old man by that living tree
Which bloom'd his humble dwelling-place beside—
The last dim rose which wont to blossom o'er
The threshold, had that morning droop'd and died,
Nipp'd by the withering air; the neighbouring door
Swung on its hinge—within you well might hear
The clock's low murmur bickering on the ear—
And thro' the narrow opening you might see
The sand which rested on the uneven floor,
The dark-oak board—the morn's untasted fare,
The scatter'd volumes, and the antique chair
Which—worn and homely—brought a rest at last
Sweet after all lifes struggles with the past.
The old man felt the fresh air o'er him blowing
Waving the thin locks from his forehead, pale
He felt, above the laughing sun was glowing,
And heard the wild birds hymning in the gale,
And scented the awakening sweets which lay
Couch'd on the bosom of the virgin day—
And felt thro' all—and sigh'd not—that for him
The earth was joyless, and the heaven was dim,
Creation was a blank—the light a gloom,
And life itself as changeless as the tomb.
High—pale—still—voiceless—motionless—alone—
He sate—like some wrought monumental stone—
Raising his sightless balls to the blue sky;
Life's dreaming morning and its toiling day
Had sadden'd into evening—and the deep
And all august repose—which broods on high
What time the wearied storms have died away,
Mighty in silence—like a Giant's sleep—
Made calm the lifted grandeur of his brow."

After this, no one can deny that Mr. Bulwer is a poet: though we still feel no hesitation in affirming, that he has made a great mistake in the *Twins;* and that it is utterly impossible to feel the beauty of real poetry, in a state of such unnatural union as there exists between lofty sentiments and *lusus naturæ* exhibited at a shilling a head.

Besides the "Milton," there are some other minor poems of considerable beauty, more especially the last, of which we cannot help quoting a few lines—they are perfect gossamer.

ORAMA,
OR THE SOUL AND ITS FUTURE.

"Thin, shadowy, scarce divided from the light,
I saw a Phantom at the birth of morn:
Its robe was sable, *but a fleecy white.*
Flowed silv'ry o'er the garb of gloom: a horn
It held within its hand;—no human breath
Stirred its wan lips;—death-like, it seemed not death!
My heart lay numb within me—and the glow
Of the glad life waxed faint, and ice-like crept;
The pulses of my being seemed to grow
One awe!—voice fled the body as it slept,
But from its startled depths, the o'erlaboured Soul
Spake, king-like, out—'What art Thou that would'st seem
To have o'er immortality control?
And the shape answered—*not by sound*—'A DREAM!'"

Mr. Bulwer is a man of extraordinary genius, who puzzles more than any living author: he has a turn for every thing, and a capacity for most things: he succeeds greatly in prose fiction, and has very considerable poetical power; yet he always seems as if that which he is about, he is only doing for once, by way of trial, and as if also he were half ashamed of the attempt, it being poor in comparison of certain ambitious designs he only hints at. He may do something very great, or he may all his life vacillate from pillar to post—from literature to politics. In the prospects or hopes of no writer do we feel more sympathy and interest.

THE ALGERINE BALL.

Translated for the Massachusetts Journal, from La Courier des Etats Unis.

Algerine civilization has been opened by a ball! An enchanting ball! A ball with chandeliers, and curtains and lemonade, and ice creams! On the right may be heard the merry sound of the violins; on the left, conversation carried on in Arabic; the dogs bark in the streets; the sacred stork rests upon the minaret; and the champaigne flies up to the arabesque ceiling. "God is great!"

"Make room for the ladies!"

At eight o'clock they arrive—not in carriages with armorial beatings—for in Algiers the sedan chairs and litters, in use from the time of Clovis to Louis 14th, are still fashionable.

The beautiful young Jewesses are mounted on mules, richly caparisioned in Spanish style. Their ample, flowing drappery, fastened at the throat, is composed of embroidered brocade, which sparkles in the darkness, like a fire-brand when it is crushed; pyramids of *golden tears* are on their heads; their eye-brows are painted; and their white teeth are white enough to make one die of love.

Who is it exclaims, En verite, ces dames sont charmantes!' (*Truly these women are beautiful!*) Look at the windows, and you will see whence the exclamation came. I ask pardon of the reader—there are no windows; but look in the street, look upon the terraces, look in the galleries, and you see Frenchmen—a crowd of Frenchmen—in splendid military costume, glittering with epaulets, sabres, and poniards. It is the Frenchmen, who exclaim, 'these women are beautiful!!' A compliment is always understood by the ladies. Speak flattery to a Scotch damsel in Russia, to a Norman in Turk, to an Algerine in French—no matter, the Ladies will understand it.

The band of the 15th is playing divinely in the first saloon; the slippered feet of the ladies glide voluptuously over the variegated floor, and their transparent drapery floats along the walls of Parian marble.

In the second saloon are sonorous time-pieces on which gods, goddesses, and cupids mark the flying hour; and the blue carpets are scattered with roses.

In the third room are displayed, the presents of the Dey of Tunis. Pistols, and j welled poniards, mantless of tiger skin, pipes of yellow and white amber, saddles and housings of lion skin and gazelle skin, oriental stirrups wrought in demask work and perfumes that might render an old man young again.

In a word, this room is a perfect chapter in the thousand and one Arabian Nights. It makes one think that Haroun-al- Raschad is still alive, and that the enchanted rose, the speaking bird, and the singing tree, will soon present themselves.

Before entering the ball room, every gentleman presents a bouquet of flowers to his partner, and each lady is in turn introduced to the brave commander, General Clauzel.

All is ready in the ball-room. The violins are tuned; the gentleman take their places; and the ladies blush, as they see themselves reflected in the mirrors. The first couple moves forward. Prodigious! prodigious! It was very little to have broken through the customs of a thousand years to have uncovered their faces, and to have gone out at night to a ball—the Jewesses have made a sacrifice infinitely greater, to please their fascinating conquerors—they have actually put on stockings! white stockings! embroidered stockings! No wonder they are a little embarrassed in the zephyr step.

When the centre dance is finished, cakes, ices, and lemonade are served, they laugh and talk in the cool alcoves—Renlagh and Bagdad seem to have met together.

Silence! silence! Here come the Tunisian ambassadors bring champaigne and ices for the gentlemen!

They are grave, diplomatic—or listless. They talk cheerfully and freely with the managers about camels, ministers, fine women and tobacco, and then they go out upon the terrace to smoke.

At midnight the dance is renewed. The ladies were gayer than ever; the ambassadors more *blue*; and the Frenchmen gloriously intoxicated with lovely Moriscas, and Jewish damsels, with beautiful stockings—still more beautiful with them.

At two o'clock the *galloppade* is proposed. The East and the West fly through the rooms hand in hand—pearls trembling, and poniards glittering as they go.

The farewell is said. Th mules are caparisoned in the court; the slaves stand ready with the sedans, the managers offer their arms; the night is finished, the ball and its glories have passed away.

But Algiers is conquered—civilization has subdued it. Her Jewesses have worn stockings—and the Tunissian ambassadors have danced the *galloppade.—Newbern Spectator, Feb. 5.*

EXTRAORDINARY OPERATION: MELANCHOLY DEATH.

(*From the Lancet*)

On the 22d of November last, a boy of 7 years old was admitted into St. Bartholomew's Hospital, under the following circumstances:—

On Friday the 19th, whilst at play with some other children, he put the round head of a nail into his left ear. He was unable to get it out again, and his father took him to a surgeon for the purpose of having it extracted. The person to whom he was taken, told the father that he could distinctly see the head of the nail, and that if the boy would allow him, he could easily extract it. The boy objected strongly to this measure, and it was necessary to have him held by four men, but their efforts were not sufficient to retain his head at rest, and consequently no attempt at extraction was made. When he was brought here he objected so strongly to the examination of his ear, that it was necessary to have him held by several assistants. This being done, Mr. Vincent proceeded to introduce a probe, which, when it had been passed about an inch, could he distinctly heard to strike some metalic substance, which appeared to be firmly impacted in the tympanum. As it could not be moved with the probe, several pairs of forceps were successively introduced, and with each of them the piece of nail was taken hold of, but could not be extracted. Mr. Vincent used as much force as he thought prudent, and from the boy's efforts to get away his head, he must have lacerated the membrane lining the meaus, which was followed by tolerably copious hæmorrhage. Mr. Vincent then desired him to be put to bed, to have his ear syringed with warm water, and afterwards bread-and-water poultice to be applied, and in the evening six leeches, to the ear.

Dec. 4.—Mr Vincent to-day requested Mr. Earle to endeavour to extract the nail, which he immediately proceeded to do. He began by introducing into the meatus a director, which he used with so much force, that he bent it; dressing forceps were then employed, with which he laid hold of the nail, and pulled so forcibly, that he bent them also. Another pair was tried, which unhappily met with a similar fate. A pair of forceps, with hooks at the extremities, was then used, but they were soon bent straight; several attempts were made with different instruments, but the nail could not be moved, though Mr. Earle exerted great strength on the occasion. Mr. Earle then requested Mr. Vincent to make an incision of about an inch long parallel to the posterior part of the ear, and to divide the meatus auditorius. This Mr. Vincent immediately did, and Mr. Darle again proceeded to search for the nail. Forceps of different kinds were repeatedly introduced, but they either bent, or slipped their hold every time. An elevator was had recourse to, but it was equally unsuccessful. A pair of touth-forceps was next employed, and after laying hold of the nail (as Mr. Earle said), and pulling very forcibly, he at length succeeded in extracting three pieces of metal, which appeared to be portions of the head of a nail.—Encouraged by this success, he introduced the forceps again, and extracted the 'mallet-bone:' they were again repeatedly introduced, and though Mr. Earle enclosed the head of the nail between the extremities of the forceps (as he said), nothing but 'portions of bone were extracted.

Mr. Earle now called for a pair of wire nippers, for the purpose of cutting the nail in two; but some gentleman observed that they would be too large to be introduced into the tympanum. He said that it was evident that the nail was bent, and was "lying in the posterior part of the tympanum," and talked of trephening the mastoid cells, but soon abandoned the idea. On looking through the incision which had been made, bone could be seen at the bottom of a deep cavity. Mr. Earle said that it was the external boundary of the tympanum, and thought that the nail was lying against it; but he again, in a few minutes, changed his opinion, and said he did not know where it was. The patient had now been on the table about 'an hour,' and it was found that he was nearly exhausted; his pulse could scarcely be felt, and his skin was bedewed with cold perspiration. Some wine was offered him, which he refused; his pupils were dilated, and it was considered necessary to desist from any further attempts: to have him put to bed, and to have a bread-and-water poultice applied to the ear, and to give ten drops of liq. ant. tart. every four hours. Mr. Earle then stated that "he had used more force than was warrantable." He consoled himself however, that there was now a large opening, through which the pus might escape, if it should form, but yet he feared that part of the petrous portion of the temporal bone would exfoliate, and that inflammation would come on in the brain, and occasion abscess and death!

He remained insensible till the night of the 6th, though occasionally groaning, and expired at midnight. The following was the result of the examination after death:

The temporal bone being removed from the skull and the soft parts stripped off, the cavity of the tympanum was immediately brought into view, without anything else being done. Not a vestige of the bony portion of the maetus auditorius externus remained, the whole having been removed in the operation, and the floor of the tympanum was also wanting. The remaining portion tympanum was covered with pus, which being washed off, the surface of the bone beneath appeared highly inflamed. The nail not being in the tympanum; sections were made through the cochlea, vestibule, semicircular canals, and mastoid cells,—*but there was no nail to be found!*

MISCELLANEA.

THE BILL.

HURRAH! the cravens quail—their boasted bulwarks fail—
For, what could these avail'gainst a nation's mighty will?
Now, countless hearts rejoice, while the people's pealing voice
Demands the Senate's choice of—THE BILL!
Sir GEORGY CLERK'S loration declared Emancipation
Had stultified the nation with dreams of change and ill;
But a laugh, and then an "oh!" gave the *Clerkly* Sir to know
That such logic was "no go" 'gainst—THE BILL.
And sanguine HOPE'S reflection was darken'd with dejection
At thought of an election, unbought by prog or swill;
For gone is the proprietor—and rioter and dieter
Must now receive a quieter—THE BILL.
Then TYRRELL, PEEL, and NORTH, successively stood forth
To advocate the worth of the wonder-working mill;*
NORTH said that Locke and Bacon no course like this had taken—
A fact which left unshaken—THE BILL.
Next rose commercial ATTWOOD, a stick of very *flat* wood;
Who said Reform like *that* would leave debt where it was still!
Like an even-handed judge, both arms he made to budge
While he bellowed forth his fudge 'gainst—THE BILL.
And that somewhat ancient boy, University LEFROY,
Narration'd to the joy of himself, and took his fill;
He said that yielding *right* meant a truckling to excitement,
And therefore he to *fight* meant—THE BILL.
The jolly JOSEPH YORKE, having played at knife and fork,
And broke the mystic cork from the joyous, purple rill,
Did his belly-band unbuckle, and caused a mighty chuckle,
When he said he would'nt truckle to—THE BILL.
Then the Tory-convert, PEARD, all his early hopes betrayed,
And donkey-doctrines brayed, which nothing can fulfill;
Till the very youths from Cam exclaimed, "Why, here's a flam!
"A speech not worth a d—n 'gainst—THE BILL!"
And who would waste a word on the GOULBURN or the GORDON,
Or him who called the Lord on, to give the state a pill?†
TOM DUNCOMBE'S worth whole shoals of such *Tory-unctioned souls,*
Who scratch their stupid polls at—THE BILL;
Hurrah! be still the cry—the craven crowds shall fly—
And none from Manhood's eye the maddening drops distill;
That eye now flashing bright beholds with hope's delight
The King's—the People's right, in—THE BILL!

THE CURRENCY.—It is believed in the City that the circulation of Bank-notes is much smaller at present than has been the case for a considerable time past, and that it does not exceed 18,000,000l.—*Times.*

GOLD AND SILVER COIN.—The Bank of England has lately suspended the issues of half-sovereigns, to prevent the accumulation of silver coin in their coffers; the greater convenience of the half-sovereign, for the common purposes, inducing the public to retain the latter, and pay into the Bank silver instead of gold.

A notion has gone abroad, that there is in circulation a larger quantity of silver coin than the demands of the public require, and that this disproportion has been created by an illicit coinage, by individuals, of silver of equal weight and standard with that made at the Mint. The difference between the current value of the silver coin (which is 5s. 6d. per ounce) and the price of silver bullion (at present 5s. per ounce), yields to them a profit of nearly 10 per cent.

A seignorage is charged throughout the Continent, to meet the expenses of manufacturing both gold and silver coin; but our seignorage, which is only upon silver coin, is higher than that of other countries; and it is inferred, that the excessive seignorage, combined with the present low price of silver bullion, has encouraged illicit coinage: but, from an investigation which the Government has instituted, there does not yet appear to be any foundation for this supposition.

It has also been supposed that the circumstance of the excessive seignorage has brought back to England all the silver coin sent out for the use of the colonies: but it is more probable that this has arisen from the defective supply, which has rendered it necessary to continue also the old currency of a much lower standard. Hence, in the exports of coin from the colonies for the commercial payments in England, the British coin has been preferred; a total lack of currency being prevented by the use of the old coin.

STATE OF THE COUNTRY.—We regret to learn, that in many parts, we believe in the

* "The system *works* well".—CANNING, *and all the rest of them.*

† "When I lay my head on my pillow, I pray, and I thank, and I hope, and I despise the press, that evil and profligate thing."—*See Report of the Debate,*

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greater part of this country, the wages of labourers are reduced quite as low as they were before the late tumults, and that the working people complain they are even worse off now than before. We understand they are aware that this does not arise from the wish of their employers to oppress them, but from their inability to give better wages, the farmers themselves being on the very verge of pauperism. A meeting of the perishioners was held in a parish, not twenty miles from Horsham, on Friday last (Good Friday), to take into consideration the best mode of dealing with some farmers who are unable to pay their rates. It was very properly observed, that if payment were not enforced, a great burden would fall upon those who still possess the means, and thus the whole were in the course of being broken down by the accumulation of the burden; while, if, on the other hand, payment were enforced, the farmers distrained upon, together with their families, would swell the ranks of the paupers. This is no sketch of fancy, but the true picture of a large part of this county. Those who cannot take a lesson from it, belong to that class described by Bishop Burnett, "to whom every thing must be brought to the state of gunpowder, ready for a spark to set it on fire, before they can discover danger." —*Brighton Gazette.*

TRIUMPH OF STEAM.—On Saturday, the Sampson and Goliah, two of Mr. Stephenson's engines, undertook to convey a thousand bags of New Orleans cotton from Liverpool to Manchester. They started at eight o'clock that morning, and proceeded at a brisk pace to the foot of the inclined plane, eight miles from Liverpool, the Sampson dragging thirty loaded waggons, and the Goliah twenty-seven. The Goliah was then detached from the load, and assisted the Sampson up the inclined plane; and the latter proceeded on its journey, and arrived at Manchester at half-past eleven. The Goliah dragged its load up the inclined plane at three trips, and reached Manchester at half-past one. The number of bags of cotton brought by the two engines was 1,035. Of these, the Sampson brought 549. As each bag of American cotton averages 4 cwt. the following may be considered a correct estimate of the Sampson's load:—

	Tons.	Cwt.
549 bags of cotton, at 4 cwt. each..	109	16
Tare of 30 waggons.....	42	15
Weight of guards and other persons on the train.....	1	0
Weight of the engine.....	8	0
Total.....,	161	11

besides the weight of the tender, coke, water, &c. amounting to several more. On Good Friday, 1,008 persons went in the course of the day from Manchester to Liverpool, and 1,005 from Liverpool to Manchester, making a total of 2,013 conveyed along the line in one day! This number does not include those taken up at the several stopping-places on the road, and which may be reckoned at from 500 to 700 more. The Sampson, in one trip, took 203 booked passengers, besides obout twenty of the company's servants. There are now eighteen engines constantly employed on the line.

BRITISH NAVY.—We understand that our Government could prepare for sea, in the course of twent-four hours, one of the finest fleets that ever left the harbours of Great Britain. The naval preparations that are going forward are, probably, of a precautionary nature only: but it is said that a British fleet will certainly put to sea shortly, and that Sir Thomas Hardy will take the command. —*Morning Herald.*

MR. HOPE'S WILL.—The will of the late Mr. Thomas Hope has been proved by his brother, Mr. P. H. Hope, and Mr. Jeremiah Harman, to each of whom is left a legacy of 1,000l. The collection of Italian pictures, articles of vertu, and the furniture, together with the house in Mansfield Street, are left to the eldest son, who is likewise residuary legatee. To his widow is left 1,000l. in money, to be paid immediately; an annuity of 1,000l. in addition to the lady's marriage settlement of 3,000l. a year; the fine mansion, wines, and furniture at Deepdene, near Dorking. Large legacies are left to his other children; and many of of his friends are also remembered in his will—especially the Reverend W. Harness son of his friend Dr. Harness, to whom he has left 500l. Probate is granted for 180,000l. personal property.

MR. J. KEMBLE.—It is reported that Mr. John Kemble, son of Mr. C. Kemble, who had been for some time at the University of Gottingen, has placed himself in such a perilous situation as to endanger his life, in consequence of joining, with twelve brother students, the Revolutionists at Cadiz. The whole party, it is said, were amongst those who had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Government, and have been formally tried and condemned. Mr. C. Kemble is in Paris, and it was stated that the cause of his journey was to endeavour to procure intercession for his son; this is, however, a mistake—he is there professionally.

SOME ARE FULL OF LOVE DIVINE, AND, SOME ARE FULL OF BRANDY."—A young lady of good connexions and of some fortune, residing near Edinburgh, is about to resign herself in marriage to a Jew cobler, who has lately been baptized. The lady has been drinking deep in the Row heresy, and has had visions, and revelations. In one or more of these, as she gives out, she has had an assurance that it is her duty to marry this man, of whom nobody knows any thing. The Jew acquiesces in the vision. In the learned town of Edinburgh, fifty-three young misses, seventeen full-grown maidens, one or two wives, and a few gentlemen, are followers of the new sect. They have doomed the city already; but whether it is to perish by fire or water, is not yet determined.

CONSERVATORIO OF NAPLES—At the beginning of the sixteenth century, a Spanish priest, Juan de Tapia, then residing at Naples, undertook to establish an acadamy for instruction in church music, and to conquer all the impediments and difficulties attending upon such an attempt. After spending many years in useless efforts to procure sufficient money for the performance of his undertaking, he formed and carried into effect the chivalric idea of begging from province to province, from town to town, for the necessary money. Treated by some as mad, repulsed by others, slighted by all, still he did not despair; and after nine years of this painful pilgrimage, he found himself possessed, in the year 1537, of sufficient sums for the establishment of the first Conservatorio at Naples, which he consecrated to the service of Santa Maria de Lorenzo. Wishing then to place the establishment under the patronage of the great, Tapia petitioned the viceroy to become its patron. He consented; and from that time the Conservatorio enjoyed the benefits of a royal institution. The venerable prior, however, did not long survive the success of his undertaking. He died in the year 1540, and the pupils of the Conservatorio, as a mark of gratitude, placed his tomb in the choir of the establishment; and masses were performed before his grave, on the anniversary of his death, till the end of the eighteenth century.—*Harmonicon for April.*

THE MAIL IN INDIA.—The mail in India is carried in bags, dangling from the ends of a stick over a mans shoulder, and advancing at the rate of four miles an hour. As illustrative of the state of the country in this respect, Mr. Buckingham, in his lecture on Friday said that, Sir Charles M'Arthur having occasion once to leave Delhi for Calcutta, was anxious to get all things ready in the latter place for his reception; and, for this purpose sent off an intimation by an express. To make secure he sent notice also by the post, and then sent forward his servant, last of all he set out himself.—The parties did arrive at Calcutta, but it was not in the exact order in which they set out, for Sir Charles was the first, and the servant second, then came the post, and last of all the expresses! The post in passing along, found an old woman resting herself, under a tree, drinking water and refreshing herself, and supposing she required some assistance, he spoke to her with this view, but was at once interrupted by "don't trouble me with any question—I am the express."

BANK OF ENGLAND.—On Thursday, a half-yealy Generally Meeting of Proprietors was held for the purpose of declaring a dividend Questions were put to the Governor, Mr. Palmer, with respect to the renewal of the Charter. Mr. Palmer answered, that he knew no more than the public prints had stated,—that Lord Althorp intended to renew the Charter by bill. To a question as to the number of Branch Banks, and whether they were a source of profit or loss, the answer was equally satisfactory,—the number the Governor could not tell; and he only believed that they were working at a profit—not a considerable profit. The Governor admitted that the Bank had been engaged in Stock Exchange speculations, but not to the extent alleged (2,000,000*l.*); the mode of repayment of the Government advances, it was added, had not been finally arranged. Mr. Blackburne strongly pressed the propriety of publishing the account: previous to the renewal of the Charter they would be laid before the House of Commons, and inspected by a committee there,—and was it to be said that the Legislature were at liberty to inspect their books, while they, the priprietors were debarred form that privilege? The Governor remarked that every ballot of the proprietors taken on that question had negatived it. On being further pressed, Mr. Palmer said, that the Charter, which expires in 1833, "would be made, he felt convinced, to the advantage of the public. The Directors would do all they could to preserve the rights of the Proprietors; but the public good only would be consulted in the new Charter." [If the Reform Bill pass, it may.] The motion for the usual dividend was then put, and carried.

Mr. Winter gave notice that he should at the next meeting submit a motion, "That no bonus should be declared until accounts are produced to show that the profits of the Bank could afford it."

REFORM MEETINGS.—The meetings throughought the country have been so numerous, that we cannot attempt giving even a list of them. The Hampshire county meeting, where Sir Thomas Baring, and indeed the whole of the family of Baring, with the exception of Alexander, declared their intention to support the Bill was not without importance, even for that fact. The Berkshire county meeting was also highly important, from the unanimity and respectability of the parties assembled. The Essex county meeting takes place to-day; and before our next, we have little doubt that most of the counties in England will have expressed their feelings on the Bill. We need not say on what side they will be expressed,—there is a mistake on that point.

There is one of the numerous town meetings which we desire to specify—that of Birmingham; and we do this for the sake of a single point in one of the speeches. Mr. Parkes, the solicitor, in moving the third resolution, stated his intention to found a purity Society, without reference to party, whose object should be to secure voters from corruption and members from expense. He would contribute his mite towards purity of election, by steadily refusing as long as he lived in Birmingham, to take a fee for acting professionally in a town election. Lawyers were the nuisances of English elections. We need not say we wish well to Mr. Parkes's Society—that we honour his resolution, and hope sincerely that he will find many imitators among the practitioners of the law.

LANCASHIRE LADS.—The Manchester people are not contenting themselves with anticipations of good or allowing their patriotism to evaporate in idle panegyrics on Ministers and the Bill: they are desirous to provide against possible failure, as well as to enjoy possible success. Circulars were on Tuesday issued in Manchester, calling a meeting of the leading inhabitants to consider of the best means of supporting the Government in case it were compelled to have recource to a dissolution. This is not all—eleven of the gentlemen calling the meeting, deeming example more valuable than precept, immediately subscribed 1,550*l.* to begin with. We have much pleasure in placing before our readers the names of these honourable forerunners in a course as judicious as it is public spirited. They are—

Mr. Thomas Potter.....	£300
Mr. Richard Potter	200
Mr. J. C. Dyer	200
Mr. R. H. Greg.....	200
Messrs. Fielden (of Todmordon).....	200
Mr. Edward Baxter	100
Mr. John Brooks	100
Messrs. Coats and Co.....	100
Messrs. Barrait and Son.....	50
Mr. George Heywoed.....	50
Mr. Richard Wilson.....	50

To those who have the means—and there are few that have not the means in a greater or less degree—we say, if you admire the principles of these honourable men, follow their example.

NEW POLITICAL CATECHISM.—Question, "What broke up the Wellington Admisistration?" Answer, "The anticipated call for Reform."—Q. "Why should a call be made, at that time particularly, for Reform?" A. "Because the Duke said Parliament could make no further reduction in taxation."—Q. "Was not Parliament, then, disposed to support the Duke?" A. "No: because he was reducing patronage, and could no longer fill the poor with good things, but sent the hungry empty away."—Q. "What placed Lord Grey at the head of the new Government?" A. "His well-known adherence to Reform."—Q. "What made the people so anxious for reduction, notwithstanding the amount of taxes was much less than a few years before?" A. "Though the taxes were less in nominal amount, they were heavier in fact."—Q. "How could this be?" A. "By the operation of Peel's Bill, which reduced the quantity of the circulating medium in a greater degree than the remission of taxes."—Q. "Explain." A. "The fall in the value of agricultural produce was 25 per cent. which, upon 180 millions a year, the value of the annual produce, was equal to a reduction in that value of 45 millions, whilst the reduction of the taxes was at most 6 or 7 millions."—Q. "But was not the operation of Peel's Bill postponed for several years?" A. "Yes; but during that time the fluctuation of the currency was so irregular that men did not know what to expect, till the panic came, and a return to a gold currency was determined upon."---Q. "And what was the consequence?" A. "All men then saw a reduction in taxes must take place"---Q. "And did it?" A. "In some degree, but not sufficient to relieve the country; and men began to think that, if the old Parliament could not make greater reductions, a Reformed one might."---Q. "Then you think it was Peel's Bill that introduced the new state of things?" A. "I do: by contracting the currency, it added to the burden of taxation---taxation produced a cry for reduction---reduction weakened patronage---the weakening of patronage weakened the Ministry---and the weakening of the Ministry let in the Reformers, and destroyed patronage."—Q. "Was not Sir Robert Peel aware of the effect his bill would produce?" A. "I think not; for he said it would produce a fall of only five per cent., instead of twenty-five per cent., in the value of produce."—Q. "What will be the effect of a Reformed Parliament?" A. "I will tell you next year."---*Brighton Gazette.*

LOCK-JAW.—If the following case be correctly reported, this disease, which has long, like consumption and a few others, been the opprobrium of the medical art, has at last found a specific. We hope it will be tried, when occasion offers, on the cognate malady of hydrophobia. "A boy employed as a chaffcutter so injured one of his fingers as to render immediate amputation of it at the first phalanx necessary; locked-jaw came on when it was nearly healed. Opium, in large doses, mercury, musk, and other antispasmodics, were actively emyloyed on the first appearance of the disease; but the spasms increased in violence, and extended to the muscles of the back, producing the contractions of the muscles termed opisthotonos. The case was under the care of Mr. Joy, of Great Massingham, Norfolk; and the antispasmodics and warm bath having totally failed, he determined to give the muriated tincture of iron a trial. He accordingly ordered ten drops to be administered every hour, in a litile water. After continuing this medicine twenty-four hours, the spasmodic affection of the muscles was evidently much diminished. The following day the lad was nearly free from pain. The medicine was continued in the same quantity and at the same intervals,---the disease so rapidly decreased in violence, and he was perfectly well in the course of a few days."

Ingenious Adaptation.—A French vessel having been wrecked off the Land's End, the surgeon escaped, and found his way to Penzance; accident brought him acquainted with Humphrey Davy, who showed him many civilities, and in return received, as a present from the surgeon, a case of instruments which had been saved from the ship. The contents were eagerly turned out and examined by the young chemist, not, however, with any professional view as to their utility, but in order to ascertain how far they might be convertible to experimental purposes. The old-fashioned and clumsy glyster apparatus was viewed with exultation, and seized in triumph!—What reverses may not be suddenly effected by a simple accident! so says the moralist. Reader, behold an illustration:—in the brief space of an hour, did this long-neglected and unobstrusive machine, emerging from its obscurity and insignificance, figure away in all the pomp and glory of a complicated piece of pneumatic apparatus: nor did its fortunes end here; it was destined for greater things; and we shall hereafter learn that it actually performed the duties of an air-pump, in an original experiment on the nature and sources of heat. The most humble means may certainly accomplish the highest ends, the filament of a spider's web has been used to measure the motions of the stars; and a kite, made with two cross sticks and a silk handkerchief, enabled the chemical Prometheus to rob the thunder-could of its lightnings; but that a worn-out instrument, such as has been just described, should have furnished him who was born to revolutionize the science of the age, with the only means of inquiry at that time within his reach, affords, it must be admitted, a very whimsical illustration of our maxim.—*Paris's Life of Sir Humphrey Davy.*

SKETCHES OF ANGLO INDIAN SOCIETY.

NO. IV.—LIFE IN THE MOFUSSIL!

From the Diary of an Employé.

Monday.—ROSE at day-light, not being able to sleep; sauntered about the house, went into the stable to see my horses *Cleaned* and *fed*; bathed, dressed, and went to breakfast; no appetite; contrived to swallow half an anchovy, was horrified by the appearance of a great number of Natives assembled around the doors of the Cutchery; sent people to drive them off, and announce, "there would be no Cutchery to-day;" make it a rule never to go to Cutchery but when I have eaten a good breakfast; too much exertion does not agree with an empty stomach. The Sheristadar brought some papers to sign; really, government ought to allow us to have our signatures stamped; there are so many papers on which you must write your name: lounged about, and played the musical boxes until tiffen time. The mulligatawney, excellent. The day was so hot and the beer so cool: and F—(that pleasant fellow) told so many good stories of his shooting tigers and spearing hogs, that we remained at table until past four o'clock. How delightful it is to have a man at the station who talks like F—; there is no occasion to answer, and you can enjoy the Hookah without being forced to think for a reply! adjourned to the billiard table, drove round the course after sun-set; Mr. F---looks very ill; returned to dinner. That tiffen quite destroyed my appetite; must write to Calcutta for another Khansumah; this fellow does not study my taste *sufficiently*; had some talk about the half-batta and reduced allowance; it is a sad business; fell asleep in my chair and went to bed.

Tuesday.---Same as Monday.

Wednesday.—Roused myself and went to Cutchery; such a quantity of people were present, and so much business on hand—could not stand it, and was obliged to come away after an hour; was obliged to lie down for some time; afternoon same as Monday.

Thursday.—Could not think of Cutchery after yesterday, but will certainly go to-morrow; a station party to-day at A—'s; dinner cold and bad; tried the Turkey, and found it tough as parchment; some more talk on the half batta, &c. I like that subject to be started, I know it now by heart, and can speak on it without trouble. As F. says, the deficiency of the revenue is all a humbug. Consider all the Company has gained by the consequences in the Upper Country and all they have received from the Burmese, the revenue must be increased by all this, and our allowance should be therefore increased in place of being diminished; and it is my opinion the government are regularly doing us; if they pay us in Sonaut rupees we must only give them Sonaut-kam.

Friday.—F. called this morning, and was so very funny that I did not think of going to Cutchery until it was too late: went with him to see a fight between his dog Toby and a young Cuttoss; bet on Toby, who got the worst of it; heard of the reversal of my decree in the Chowdry's case; I knew it would be so, and told the Sheristadar so at the time; but he over-persuaded me.

Saturday.—Petition day in Cutchery; make it a rule never to go on that day; the Sheristadar brought some (which he said were pressing) to my own room. What a bore! this judicial business is too much for me; must make application to get an appointment in the revenue line. A. (the Collector) has nothing to do the whole day long.

Sunday.—Same as Monday.

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